CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

VOL. XXV. DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS. NO. 48.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1846. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT NO. 1 1-2 WATER STREET.
(*Near Washington Street,*) *by*
DAVID REED.

☞ To whom all communications, as well as letters of business, should be addressed.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS, payable in six months, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, if paid in advance.

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, a sixth copy will be sent gratis.

No subscriptions discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

FROM A SERMON ON LAW, BY THOMAS HILL, PASTOR OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, WALTHAM.

"What is law? Where lies its foundation and its authority? How is it to be determined? What is to be done in the conflict of laws?

A law is the supposed expression of the purpose of God. No being can be bound to do that for which he was not made; and therefore the law of his duty must be included in the purposes of his being.

Law is the application of principle to specific cases, and the authority of the principle is the only authority of the law.

Laws, in themselves, then, have not any proper authority; they are an exposition of duty, they declare what is right, but they do not make it right by declaring it.

But whence cometh the law?

I answer, the four principal sources of law among men, are custom, the State, the Gospel, and private judgment. Of the law of custom I need not speak at length.

What is the origin of political law, and what are its foundations? Does not all power reside in the people? Yes. And the will of the people is the law! No, no,—the will of a majority is not law. Law is the application of principle to specific cases. The judgment of the majority decides what is right, but the will of the majority can never make it right.

The law comes from their judgment, not from their will.

Do not think that I am here making an idle distinction. If the will of the people be law, then the law has no authority and is entitled to no reverence. But if law be the application of principle to specific cases, and that application be determined by the judgment of the majority, then has the law an authority binding as duty itself. The will of two, or the will of the majority is no more binding than the will of any one man,—but the judgment of the majority is very much less likely to be wrong than the judgment of an individual.

Were the people fully aware that they did not by their will make the law, but that they merely decided by their judgment what the law should be, then would they see that the law carries with it the sacred majesty of truth, that it is not dependent upon the impulses and passions of the moment, upon the will of the mob, but that it has foundations as everlasting as the throne of God. But I pass to the next source of law, that is the revelation by Jesus Christ. Jesus, however, did not come to give us a law.

Whatever law we find written in the Gospel is there accidentally; not laid down as the purpose of the Savior's teaching, but only used in illustration of his doctrine. Nevertheless, whatever he said in application of these holy principles to specific acts of life is law, and among the highest laws to us. For we cannot suppose that Jesus could err in his judgment, or mistake in declaring what justice, love and purity demand of us.

The very essence of the Gospel is individual liberty. And wherever the Gospel has come with power into the hearts of men, it has filled them with the love of liberty, and made them protect the right of private judgment, and pay respect to the individual conscience. The individual conscience, the fourth source of law, and, I think, the highest source of all, the ultimate test, the last appeal. The servant is not above his master, neither is he that is sent greater than he that sent him. How can the law be superior to the private judgment, since the judgment of the majority which defines the law, consists only of many private judgments?

Love is the fulfilling of all law, and whatever is contrary to the spirit of love is contrary to all true law, even if it be commanded by every statute book under Heaven.

No good citizen breaks or disregards a law because it interferes with his rights or privileges, or because his feelings are excited, and the law seems to him useless and unjust. Such things may make him labor to have the law repealed, but so long as the law is in force he will be obedient. Love requires it; the peace and well-being of the race demand it. Not so when the law interferes with his conscience, when it requires him to do wrong. Then he cannot obey; he is traitor to the spirit of law, if he obeys.

I maintain therefore, that the law is to be disobeyed whenever obedience to it is forbidden by our views of duty; or in other words that a man's conscience is supreme lawgiver to him.

In the conflict of laws, one law must be supreme. If our state laws conflict with our national, we cannot obey both at once.

The law of the state, when it is opposed to the constitution, or to the enactments of congress, is null and void.

This operation of civil law illustrates the subject of conflicting laws in general. The customs of society, the regulations of trade, the legislation of states, the revelation of Jesus, the writings of apostles and prophets, and individual conscience exercised upon questions of duty, are independent sources of law.

Of these different sources of law the customs of society stand in the lowest place, and the individual conscience at the head.

Next to a man's own judgment of what is right and wrong, or rather equal with a man's own judgment, stands the Holy Scripture. If we are Christians, if we acknowledge Jesus to be a teacher sent from God, we must confess that his word has an authority, above the highest human laws. The law of the state must yield to the law of Christ. He who breaks a law of Jesus in obedience to the law of the land has denied his Savior and exalted human lawgivers above the Son of God. The law of Christ would yield to the law of conscience did they ever conflict; but conflict here is impossible. God has not given us a law through Christ which conflicts with the law which he has written upon the heart. In thus making conscience supreme, and our own judgment of duty our ultimate rule, I am preaching a doctrine neither new nor dangerous. Not new, for I find it, I think, in the words of Christ, "Why judge ye not even of yourselves what is right?" in the words of the apostles, and in the lives of martyrs and confessors in all ages of the Church. Nay, it is, as I conceive, the foundation-stone upon which the Commonwealth is built, freedom of conscience, and the right of private judgment. The doctrine is not dangerous: for it subverts not the majesty of law, but rather strengthens it; showing where the true authority of law lies, and binding us more deeply to obedience in all where conscience forbids it not."

INEQUALITY OF PUNISHMENT.

Are the following remarks from the New Englander true in Massachusetts as well as Connecticut? We fear that they are; and, if they are, the wrongs of which they speak call loudly for redress.

"And in this place we venture to say, that the gross inequalities in the administration of justice under our laws, can not but have the effect of weakening the sense of justice in the public mind. Lawyers, no doubt, will be startled by the audacity of the suggestion; but we will make our meaning plain by illustrations. A poor man with no friends—or perhaps a black man who having been born and trained under patriarchal institutions, can not be expected to have a very delicate moral sense in regard to questions of *meum* and *tuum*—is guilty of robbing a hen-roost. Let him be detected; let there be any reasonable testimony against him; and beyond all doubt he will suffer whatever penalty the law has provided against that degree of theft. But suppose the farmer finds that the mischief has been done by a party of "young gentlemen," who have added to the larceny some annoying insult. Suppose he identifies the offenders, and has evidence against them which would be sufficient to condemn an untaught and ragged offender. Will those young men be imprisoned in the county jail "for a term not more than thirty days," according to the statute in such cases made and provided? Who thinks of such a thing? What would have been a crime in a poor and hungry boy, or in a negro newly escaped from slavery, is in these young gentlemen only a frolic. Let the windows of a citizen's dwelling be broken in the night season, by some low vagabond, and the offender, if detected, will surely feel the utmost rigor of the law. But let a student at midnight hurl deadly missiles through the windows into a freshman's bedroom, or let him at the same hour commit the same violence upon the apartments of an unpopular college tutor; and though by the vigilance of the college authorities he may be detected and expelled, who will think of punishing him "by imprisonment in a common jail not exceeding thirty days?" What! put a gentleman's son into prison for a boyish frolic! True, the brickbat or the paving stone might have killed a fellow-student; but what of that? Does not the young man wear broadcloth; and think you that the law was made for such as he?

The constitution of Connecticut says, and a similar provision exists in every other state, "All prisoners shall before conviction be bailable, by sufficient sureties, except for capital offences where the proof is evident or the presumption great;" and by another clause it is provided that "excessive bail shall not be required." These rules, as frequently, not to say ordinarily, administered, establish a system of pecuniary commutation for all crimes not capital. What is the meaning of the words sufficient and excessive? Obviously a higher amount than is necessary to secure the presentation of the culprit at the appointed time and place for trial, is excessive. Less than what is necessary for that purpose is not sufficient. But how many crimes are adjusted in our courts simply by the forfeiture of the bail bonds? Is it too much to say that generally in cases of that class, bail is required and given, not at all with the idea that the prisoner is to stand trial, or if tried will abide the issue, but with a full expectation on all sides that the criminal will escape by the payment of the bond! In other words, the bail, instead of affording any security that the prisoner will come to trial and if guilty will be punished, is itself the punishment, and, apart from the disgrace attendant upon a virtual confession of guilt, is the only punishment.

We have not said these things at random. Some of our readers, we doubt not, have already recollected a painful case of which some account was given in a former number of this volume. [Pages 129–131.] A party of half-drunken young gentlemen, students in college, were breaking windows "in the night season"—a crime for which a gang of ragged boys would have been punished "by imprisonment in a common jail not exceeding thirty days." A college officer happening to pass at the moment, pursued them as they fled, seized one of them, and was drawing him toward the light, when he was thrice struck with a deadly weapon. Once the dagger's point was turned aside, and glanced upon his ribs; but twice it pierced his thigh—once almost within a hair's breadth of the femoral artery. By the activity and skill of the college police, the window-breakers were identified, and were visited with appropriate college punishments; but the state took no more notice of their crime than if it had been committed in Kamschatka. He who had stabbed the tutor, retreated quietly to his father house in Philadelphia, and was with due solemnities expelled from college. That was to have been the last of it. Who thought of sending on a requisition and seizing the fugitive from justice? Who thought of bringing him to trial? Who dreamed of such a thing as sending him to Wethersfield for a ten years term of service? The wounded man was reported to be doing well; and it was expected that soon he would be able to resume his duties. But suddenly a fever—whether caused by the wounds, or previously latent in the constitution of the patient, is uncertain—supervened; and he died. Then suddenly justice seemed to awake. A requisition from the Governor was hastily procured; the offender was arrested and brought to the scene of his crime. See now the application of the great law maxim, that circumstances alter cases. If two sailors on one of the wharves had fallen into a scuffle, and if one of them had stabbed the other with the knife which a sailor ordinarily carries about his person, there is no room for doubt that the offender would have been immediately cast into prison to await his trial, and upon trial would have been condemned to the State prison, perhaps for life, certainly for not less than ten years.* In this case, however, the offender was not a sailor, but a gentleman, the son of one of the wealthiest men in Philadelphia. We need not repeat the particulars, as they have already been given in another place. Suffice it to say, that by the strenuous exertions of the most able counsel,—mainly directed, of course, to the one point of reducing the bail to the lowest possible amount,—the culprit, without having seen for a moment the inside of a prison, was enabled to escape with no other punishment than that his father was obliged to pay a sum of money, which was no more to him than the exaction of a quarter of a dollar would be to a poor man who lives by the labor of his hands or by the labor of his brain.

Such are the inequalities in the administration of what is called justice under our laws. The evil that we speak of is not peculiar to any one state. It characterizes the whole country. We do seriously doubt whether there is a country in Christendom, where money alone will go farther in securing exemption from the legitimate penalties of crime, than it will in this country. And what must be the effect of this upon the love of justice, and the sense of justice, in the minds of the people? It is the very essence of justice to be impartial. Justice that lays its hand heavily upon the poor, and lightly upon the rich, is not justice, but a lie offensive alike to God, and to whatever of moral sense remains in man. What better can be expected where justice is displaced by a sham so hideous, than that the ideas of justice, of punishment, and of all things correlate to these, will gradually be obscured in the minds of men; that the people generally, instead of looking to the law with reverence, and rejoicing in the protection of its awful ægis, will look upon it with increasing distrust and contempt; that the infliction of penalties, when inflicted, will seem more and more like a misfortune lighting on the poor sufferer; that the feeling of loyalty toward the commonwealth, and of righteous indignation against crime, will die out and be forgotten; and that hatred against the administration of the law will rankle in the popular mind, till at last, upon the excitement of some fatal occasion, the law itself, in the outbreak of popular fury, shall be like chaff before the whirlwind!

*The writer of these remarks was present at a small party of friends, the evening preceding Mr. D.'s death. A physician who had just come from the bed side of Mr. D. communicated the astounding intelligence that he would not survive that night. In the conversation which ensued, we stated the supposed case of two sailors, as we have now stated it to our readers. "Yes," replied one of the most eminent lawyers in New Haven, "if *that* case had occurred instead of *this*, the sailor would have been tried and sentenced at the court which rose yesterday, and to-day he would have gone to Wethersfield." We can not refrain from adding, that within four days that lawyer was retained as of counsel for the criminal;—though he took no active part in the defence.

We do not remember from what paper we have cut the following article. It is less vivid than some other sketches that we have met with of the same scene; but it is a picture which it is well for us to have impressed on our minds.—Since St. Paul, there has been no man whose life takes such an energetic hold of us as that of Luther. We would recommend the Memoir of him by Michelet. An English version has recently been published in New York. We have not examined it, but if it do any sort of justice to the original, it is well worth reading.

MORAL GRANDEUR.

Few events in history have presented a more sublime spectacle of moral grandeur than the appearance of Luther before the Diet of Worms, on the 17th day of April, 1521. We would that the minds of all our readers were familiar with the event itself, and with the causes which led to the Reformation, because the same spirit of the Romish Church which then sought to crush Luther is abroad in this land, and would even now crush the Protestant cause every where if it could, and spread the dark, sable curtain of Popery over our entire world, and bring back the ignorance and paralyzing influence of the dark ages over the minds of men. On the great occasion referred to, the high dignitaries of church and state had assembled in solemn council; and their numerous retinues, increased by crowds from every part of the German empire, and thousands from the remotest countries of Christendom, thronged the ancient city of Worms. The greatest part of the vast multitude had come to hear the famed monk of Wittemberg. Some regarded him as a miracle of wisdom; others, as a prodigy of iniquity. But all longed to behold the man so dreaded by Rome, and to hear for themselves that voice which had defied the thunders of the Pope. His boldest friends fearing, nay, expecting his condemnation and death, had come to cheer him by their presence, and treasure up his dying words. While those who had thirsted for his blood, at length confident of success, were boasting how they would burn the foul heretic, and kindle the flames for his followers.

The appointed hour had arrived, and Luther, clothed with that power which comes only from intimate communion with God, left his humble lodgings for the hall where the federative Diet were assembled. Preceded by a herald, and attended by a marshal of the empire, with much difficulty he made his way through the dense crowd. On every side nothing was to be seen but human heads, even the roofs of the houses were all crowded—every one striving to catch a glance of Luther as he passed.

On arriving at the hall the throng was, if possible, even greater than in the open street. The imperial guard clear a passage with their halberds and he enters the building, crowded by more than five thousand persons, exclusive of the Diet, which embraced not less than two hundred of the wisest and mightiest men of the age. Every eye was upon Luther. A profound silence reigned throughout the assembly. * * * * The Chancellor of Treves proposed the questions that were to determine the Reformer's fate. "Do you acknowledge yourself to be the author of those works?" pointing to about twenty volumes on a table near. "And if so, are you prepared to retract them and the sentiments they contain?" After the titles had been read, Luther, with an unfaltering voice, confessed that they were his. But while his friends were expecting to hear him reject with scorn the very idea of a recantation, and pour out his indignation in a torrent of eloquence, he repressed the emotions that struggled for utterance, and humbly prayed the Emperor "to grant him time for reflection, that he might answer without offending against the word of God." A smile of surprise and satisfaction lighted up many a grim visage among the dukes and barons, as they enjoyed the ill concealed chagrin and confusion of his friends. The good Elector Frederick hardly knew in what light to view this unexpected conduct of his bold monk. The haughty Charles turned to his courtiers and sneeringly remarked, "This fellow will never make a heretic of me!" While the nuncios of the Roman Pontiff were delighted at the prospect of accomplishing the fondest hopes of His Holiness. Encouraged by Luther's apparent indecision, the tribunal granted him a day for reflection.

It was neither fear nor irresolution that induced him to ask this delay; he was undoubtedly determined in regard to his reply. But he was anxious to have this, perhaps the last great act of his life free from the suspicion of haste or passion. It was one of his wisest steps, one of his greatest victories; for he not only conquered his own hasty and impetuous spirits, but as the event will plainly show, foiled the craftiest designs of his foes. God was with him in that critical hour. Like his Master, he retired to spend the night in prayer. From his lonely room there went up a fervent and availing cry. If angels ever hover over mortals, and secretly impart heavenly aid, they ministered to Luther while drinking of the bitter cup. Gradually his soul became tranquil, and he felt prepared for whatever was before him. * * * * Again he stood in the presence of the Diet. The Chancellor repeats the questions, and all wait with intense interest for the reply. Evening was closing in, and the twilight rendered fainter and more gloomy by its passage through the thick, painted glass, threw an air of chilling solemnity over the whole scene. The torches too, that were blazing in various parts of the spacious hall, and the stern, frowning aspect of the judges, made it seem still more like a conclave of the inquisition. The antique building with its rude Gothic architecture, and rough, unsightly paintings, the savage figures of the imperial guards, leaning on their halberds, the noise of the soldiery as they drove back the crowd that thronged the court, and the low, threatening murmur that occasionally ran through the vast assembly—all conspired to strike terror through the heart of the reformer, and induce him to recant.

Luther felt the greatness of the moment. The very thought that in the presence of that multitude, and those great ones of the earth, he was to bear testimony to the truth, and probably seal it with his blood; and the unwavering conviction that God was with him, and would plead his cause, inspired him with new dignity and strength. Approaching the throne of Charles, and glancing his eye from the mitred heads and princely attires that surrounded it, to the thousands looking on with breathless interest, his slight form dilated with the spirit within, his pale countenance lighted up with fresh courage, and his dark, stern eye beamed with unwonted animation. It is not improbable that at this very time he had a foresight of the glorious result! Led by an unerring hand he had gradually ascended the mount of gospel truth, till the full light of day burst upon his searching eye. And as he looked back upon the different positions in faith and practice which he had successively held since leaving the convent of Erfurth, and forward to the time when the mighty hindrances which he met would be swept away forever, Oh who can tell what crossed his vision! The darkness of centuries was passing away before the rising sun, and exposing the rottenness of Rome. The spirit of truth was brooding upon a mighty mass of awakening mind.

With a calm, clear voice, and in a manner perfectly free from excitement, but firm and dignified, he began—"Most serene emperor, and you most illustrious princes and gracious lords! I this day appear before you in all humility according to your command; and I implore your majesty and your highnesses, by the mercies of God, to listen with favor to the defence of a cause which I am well assured is just and right. I ask pardon, if by reason of ignorance I am wanting in the manners that befit a court; for I have not been brought up in kings' palaces, but in the seclusion of the cloister." Such was his exordium—beautiful for its brevity and appropriateness. He then proceeded fearlessly to the question upon which his fate was suspended.—Arranging the works which he had been required to recant into three classes—those upon purely devotional subjects—those against Popery—and those in which he had attacked private individuals, who had undertaken to defend the tyranny of Rome; he brought forward a few plain, unanswerable arguments in defence of each. But soon falling upon the Holy Scriptures, that stronghold so dreaded by the partisans of the Pope, he demanded proof of his error before he could reasonably retract. He repeated his firm conviction that all his propositions were based upon the word of God, and that it would not only be inconsistent, but impious to abandon them. Still, if convinced that he was in error, he declared himself willing instantly to retract, and with his own hand burn the offending book.

Then, after referring to his own weak and defenceless situation, as a feeble and unworthy champion of truth, he breaks forth into a strain of lofty eloquence. He warns those mighty men of the fearful danger of fighting against God, and bringing down upon their own heads, present disaster and everlasting destruction.

When peremptorily called upon again to retract or be dealt with as an obstinate heretic, he calmly looked them in the face and said, "May God be my helper! for I can retract nothing!"

There was a dignity, an air of authority in his manner, that won the admiration of the emperor, and even his bigoted accusers. His words, while they fell like thunderbolts upon his persecutors, fired the enthusiasm and aroused the sympathies of thousands present, thus enlisting many powerful names in the cause of the Reformation. His answer ran like wildfire through the multitudes that thronged the city. The minions of Leo swore he should have the fate of Huss, and his ashes be thrown into the Rhine. But the mass of the people declared it could not be done without danger and bloodshed, and threatened to annihilate the Spanish troops. The news spread rapidly through the neighboring cities, and soon reached the remotest corners of Germany. The voice of the nation was in favor of Luther, and the Diet dared not destroy him. The empire and the church had united to crush an obscure monk, but had failed. Sustained by the strength of God and armed with the sword of truth, he had met them, and won a victory that will be felt among all nations and through all coming time. Seldom has the world witnessed such an example of moral sublimity. Its only parallel is found in those who, at different periods, have acted and suffered in the same great cause. [Selected.

INFANCY.

"Infancy," says Jeremy Taylor, "hath life but in effigy; or like a spark dwelling in a pile of wood, the candle is so newly lighted, that every sudden breath of air puts it out, and it dies. Childhood is so tender, and yet so unwary, so soft to all the impressions of chance, and yet so forward to run into them, that God know that there could be no security, without the care and vigilance of an angel keeper; and the eyes of parents, and the arms of nurses, the provisions of art, and the effects of human love and providence, are not sufficient to keep one child from horrid mischiefs, from strange and early calamities and death, unless an angel be sent from heaven to stand sentinel, and watch over the very playthings and sleepings, the eatings and drinkings of the children."

At the meeting at Faneuil Hall on Thursday evening last, to take into consideration the condition of the morals in the city of Boston, Judge Williams presided, and on taking the chair, made some excellent remarks, well adapted to the time and the occasion. We are indebted to a friend for the following sketch of his remarks:

"I am happy, my friends—my brothers and sisters—to meet so many of you once more in Faneuil Hall. We are again assembled to consider the important subject of the purification of the morals of Boston, and reciprocally to receive and impart counsel and encouragement. An alarm of fire in the city has just been sounded, and a number of our friends who had gathered here, are now gone to aid in extinguishing that fire. We remain here, and remain for the purpose of extinguishing the flames and staying the ravages of a far more awful and tremendous fire—the fire of intemperance and crime.

Before proceeding in the order of arrangements for the evening, and calling on those who have come prepared to address us and impart their counsel, I ask your permission to make a few brief suggestions. I know not whether they will be deemed worthy of consideration. They may be thought to be theoretical and visionary, or if practical, they may be thought unimportant. I will, however, present them and leave you to decide on their pertinence and value.

The subject I wish to suggest to your minds is that of amusements for the young. The subject is, unquestionably, an important one. The young *will* have amusements. They *must* have them and they *ought* to have them. Amusements are among the necessities of their nature. The young will seek them and find them *where* they are to be found, and *such* as are to be found. The question, therefore, is not—*shall* they have amusements?—but it is—*what* amusements shall they have? and *where* shall they have them?—Shall innocent and unexpensive amusement be placed within their reach, or shall they be left to rush into those that are debasing, corrupting and criminal? They must have amusements in which they can be *active* participators and agents, and not merely *passive* spectators or hearers.—They must have *social*, and not merely *solitary* amusements,—amusements in which many may unite, and the pleasures of which are multiplied by participation. Where and how shall they obtain them? Theatrical entertainments are abundant and attractive, but they are expensive beyond the honest means of most of our young men, and if they were not, the purity of their moral influences, notwithstanding all that has been said of them as "schools of morals," may well be more than doubted. I fear, the same, substantially, may be said of most other public amusements which are continually soliciting attention. What then can be done? Our young men—apprentices, mechanics, clerks and others, go forth in their hours of leisure, to seek companions and join in social enjoyment. The saloons of dissipation are before their eyes in every street and alley, and at every corner. They hear, within them, the voices of joy and song and revelry: the doors, unlike most other doors which they pass, are temptingly open to welcome them to scenes of social enjoyment without a fee for admission; they enter—is it strange!—they enter, and they are lost.

Permit me now to make the inquiry—the serious and earnest inquiry—cannot something be done to shield our young men from these alluring tempations? Cannot some innocent, pure, social amusements be devised ia which all may unite, of which all may participate, without expense and without moral danger? Cannot human ingenuity invent recreations and enjoyments in which people of different ages, sexes and stations, may meet and mingle in familiar and unrestrained intercourse?—recreations and enjoyments in which the ardors of childhood may be tempered, but not chilled, by the presence of age; and in which age may, for a time, forget its care and infirmities, in witnessing and participating the sports of childhood? For myself, I should take delight in mingling in such scenes and amusements. But I will not detain you longer. I know not whether my suggestions and wishes can ever be realized, but I have taken the liberty to throw out before you these few brief and crude hints for the consideration of wiser and more practical minds." [Atlas.

[Reported for the Atlas.]

MORALS OF BOSTON.

Another meeting of stirring interest in reference to this subject, was held in Faneuil Hall, on Thursday evening. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, W. D. Spooner, Esq., presiding. After which, the Rev. Charles Brooks ascended the rostrum and delivered the following Address:

FELLOW CITIZENS—

I must bring an accusation against my friend Dea. Grant, for getting me on this stand when I told him I could do so little towards the specific objects of the meeting, because I knew less than most persons, of rum-buying, rum-selling, or rum-drinking; and I shall of course, leave to the better informed the important statistics and appropriate reflections in this department, while I ask for a few moments to speak of another source of public and private corruption; I mean demoralizing pictures, demoralizing story-books and demoralizing literature. From this wide subject I shall select here and there but a single point.

Where is the fountain of human action? Certainly in the mind. That which is acted out openly in the world is first conned over and arranged in the mind. The human will, as a fountain, is concealed; but actions are streams from that fountain, and they gush out into sight. If no fountain existed there could be no streams; so if no will existed there would be no action. The actions, therefore, which bless or afflict society, have their origin in the human will. Now there are many and powerful means for enlightening and directing the human will, especially in early life, such as the sacred influences of home, of the common school, of the Sunday school, of good books and virtuous associates. So there are many and powerful means for vulgarizing and perverting the human will, especially among the young; these means are, unprincipled parents, bad books and vicious company. The ignorance and depravity of parents are fertile sources of that juvenile delinquency and crime which are staining, today, the fair fame of Boston. Such parents will not put their children to school: we therefore want a law which shall compel all children to attend school, whether their parents will or not. Have we a right to defend ourselves against crime, against theft and arson, and have we not the right to defend ourselves against the *cause of crime*, namely, *ignorance*? If we have a law to force a boy into prison because he is a thief, let us have a law is that will force him into school, to prevent his becoming a thief. An ounce of prevention worth a pound of cure. The schoolhouse is better than the penitentiary. Let us put into that boy, pure, sound, moral principle, which is God's police, and then he will be prevented from breaking the laws of his own being or infringing on the rights of others.

But let me leave this topic to utter my emphatic protest against bad books and licentious pictures, which are at this hour among the busy and efficient corrupters of youth; and I wish that an eagle-eyed police may be appointed, whose special duty it shall be to search out those presses, which in secret are printing these pestiferous pictures and books, and also those circulating libraries and book-stalls, which loan or sell them. We of the School Committee have found these pictures and books among the children of our grammar schools; though the teachers have done all they could to keep them out. Thus you see that Satan has got again into Paradise.

But I would speak of other books—there are moreover multitudes of small story books which have no moral aim, but merely intellectual amusement. They please the imagination, but do not and cannot warm the heart. They contain very little accurate information, being often very careless, both in style and statement. Habits of accurate thinking cannot be gained from them, and the less children read them the better.

Then there is another class, like the "Physiologies;" with higher literary pretensions, which aim to stimulate the imagination, very much as rum stimulates the stomach, and with very much the same results. They produce unnatural images, artificial feelings and deranged action. The authors of these demoralizing works know well their customers; they know that there is in the community an active hunger for their sort of food. They know their books will sell. Now, I say, if we had such an elevated public conscience as Boston ought to have, and such as foreigners suppose she has, these books could not find a sale. They would sink, by the weight of their own inherent depravity, into a shoreless bottomless oblivion.

I must allude to another class of yet more ingenious corruptors of youth—I mean, the second rate writers of Europe, who seem, in the absence of greater lights, to shine with captivating splendor. These legislators in the republic of letters, or rather these sub marshals in the intellectual empire, are the authors of dramas and vaudevilles, poems and romances, often exhibiting great ingenuity, and occasionally some learning, and often also displaying the boldest defences of private immorality and social revolution. They found the temple of the universe in the human intellect. Many of these find their way to our country, where they give ardor to passion and confidence to crime. They do not get purified by being filtered through three thousand miles of atmosphere, any more than they do in passing from a French to an English dress. Their first aim is to stimulate the intellect, no matter at what expense, and some of their authors seem to think, that the more the conscience is deadened the more alive will be the intellect, thus going upon the supposition that a man may put out my right eye under the pretext that my left will have a clearer sight.

These are the writers who separate knowledge from virtue; and, instead of the sublime and heavenly principles of evangelical truth, they give you the cold syllogisms of skepticism; instead of planting your foot on the Rock of Ages, they push you into that open sea of infidelity, whose winds are chance, whose waves are accident and whose shores are annihilation. I only wish my countrymen knew the private character of these authors, and they would then cease recommending the beauties of their writings; for their beauty is the rouge on a harlot's cheek. I will state one example which came to my knowledge while living in Paris. A lawyer, connected with one of the public journals, was paid for writing an able article in defence of an important popular cause: the opponents of this cause, not knowing that he was the author of the defence, came to hire him to write an answer. He consented to do it, provided it never should be known who wrote the reply. They agreed to his conditions and he wrote a response to his own arguments, which was satisfactory to his employers! Many of the French authors, whose works are so miserably translated and eagerly read among us, can be hired to write on either side of any question you propose.—Some of them, I know, would hold the devil's stirrup either for money or office.

These are the kind of writers who brought about the French Revolution in '89, and who, if they could serve their own ends in it, would bring about another state of moral chaos, which would fill earth with groans and heaven with tears.

During the empire of Napoleon, on one 20th of March, with the cry, "Long live the Emperor," there was mingled another, in these words: "Long live Hell—down with Paradise!" And see the fruits of such sentiments to-day in Paris! The public conscience of that city is what?—Why, 60,000 troops of the line under arms every day in the year! Do you want Boston to become such a place? If you do not, you must take care with what books you feed the hungry and inquisitive minds of your children. The young tell you they read these books for their style. These corrupting novels and plays are oftentimes written in a most fascinating style; brilliant thoughts occasionally glow on the page, like the flush of morning on the sky, and by such means they recommend a false philosophy. They secure, with the young, a hasty and profane verdict of the senses against truth and purity; and while the eager reader dreams, that the author is distilling nectar and ambrosia, he is in fact pouring upon the bewildered soul the damps of mildew and the blight of death. Would it be any consolation to you to know that the poisonous pill which killed your child was wrapped up in honey?

There is a class of French writers, such as Paul de Kock, George Sand, Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo, &c., who try to take a loftier stand, and pretend to advocate morality, if not religion; but, who thereby do an incalculable detriment to society. The amatory passions are the main springs of their novels. Many may read their books without being injured. It is not the inference which mature and good minds may draw from their works, that does the harm, but the inferences which youthful fancy and burning lust draw from them. There are some writers who can speak of liberty in such a blinding way, that the humble Christian might think it to be the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free; while the licentious worldling will interpret it to be the liberty wherewith Satan would make us free.

It is our solemn duty as republicans, as citizens of Boston, as consistent Christians, to see that our children are not exposed to the silent, demoralizing tyranny of bad books. Their appearance among us we should regard as the greatest calamity;—as the coming of a moral cholera, containing the infection of spiritual death.

Let our eyes henceforward be wide open to this avenue of peril and ruin; and let us do all we can to vivify the common conscience in our community—to see that all our children attend school, and to frown upon every attempt to print or sell bad books in this city.

God grant that our country may decree her own orbit in time and space, free from all foreign disturbing influences; and that Boston may see reproduced in her children, who are to give form and pressure to the coming age, not only the lofty patriotism of their fathers, but, moreover, their jealous watchfulness of public morals.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

Our Savior has said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and it is evident that he desires that they should come unto him. See him almost daily calling the dear little ones to himself—the parents mourning the loss of a beloved child, that like a sweet bud had just begun to open its sweetness, when the hand of death plucked it from them, that it might go to Jesus, and bloom in all the radiance of his glorious presence.

The way may sometimes appear dark and mysterious, and the reason with difficulty be assigned, why the dear one should be taken, when the few flowers of earth were strewn in its path, and the first vines of affection were just springing forth, entwining their tendrils around our hearts, and just at the moment when it seemed that the whole soul was absorbed in the dear object, the first-born was snatched from your fond embrace. Suddenly rendered insensible, it lingered a few hours, and its pure spirit soared far above on earth's cold vanities, which would so soon have blighted its joyous affections, had not the slender thread of life been thus early severed. Were I asked for a reason, said a man of God, why the Savior called your child, I should say, He loved her, he wanted another voice to swell the symphony of heaven, another hand to sweep the strings of a golden harp among the redeemed. The babe that once nestled in your bosom is now enfolded in the arms of its Savior, and realizes the graciousness of Him who has "suffered her to come unto Him."

Bereaved mother, your child is in heaven, far from the temptations and allurements of this vain world. She has but gone to her happy home before you; a part of yourself is transplanted there, another chord has been severed that bound you to earth, and now draws you to your Redeemer. Soon you will meet her, and join your loved one in those angelic strains that now absorb her affections. Then why should you weep? why should you sigh for her return to you? You surely cannot be so selfish, so cruel, as to call her back to earth, if you could—to leave the presence of her Redeemer, to lay aside the harp that has just vibrated to her touch in notes of joyous praise, or to check that song of glory and of triumph which she has just warbled, or to leave heaven with all its brightness, and come back to mingle in all the sorrow and anguish of this dark world! Oh, no; methinks I see her angel form hovering around you now, and hear her say, "Dearest mother, do not weep for me, dry your tears, and let not another pang pierce your bosom, for I am happy now. I used to be happy with you, but now I can minister to you, and am twice happy in the presence of my Savior. God is here, Jesus is here, all the saints are here, your little girl is here, and you will be here too. I cannot leave these blessed abodes, but I will wait at the heavenly gates to meet you, when Jesus calls you. Oh then, how happy shall we be, in that one joyous meeting when we shall part no more, and when God shall wipe all tears from your eyes, forever; and you, my dear grand-parents, do not mourn the loss of your idolized one. A little while, and you will share my joys. As fast as time can move, you are hastening home. The sorrows of earth will very soon be over, and the pearly gates will then open to receive you; and we shall, in one united family, range the streets of the New Jerusalem, and praise the Lamb forever. [Selected.

EDUCATION.

Gov. Slade, late of Vermont, has, as many of our readers know, accepted the office of Superintendent of the Common Schools in Ohio. In reply to a letter on the subject from Prof. Stowe, he says;

"There is a vast amount of wasted talent, and energy, and wealth, which ought to be turned, and may be turned, and must be turned in this direction. How much there is, for example, in the ever existing and all absorbing interest of party politics, I have had occasion to observe and deplore. My experience and observation in political life have produced a constantly increasing conviction that there is a far higher good for my country, than can be attained by the triumph of any party; and it has been with pain that I have seen energy misdirected, and talent wasted, through an overweening confidence in the efficacy of mere political expedients and party triumphs, to save the nation. When will the statesmen of this nation—the noble intellects that move senates and give tone and direction to the popular mind, learn that the surest guaranty of our safety and prosperity is to be found in the silent infusion into the minds and hearts of the people of all parties, and especially of the children, who belong to no party, of sound knowledge and true Christian principle?

The common estimate of a nation's prosperity is based upon its advance in population and wealth, the development for its agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing resources, and its extension of its commerce. How few consider, that even in its rapid progress in these respects, there may be the elements of decay and ruin!—that it may have wealth without prosperity, greatness without strength, and an apparent progress, while an under-current is drifting it with fearful rapidity, in a wrong direction? Boast as we may of our rapid growth, if these do not enter into it, as an all-pervading element, the healthful influence of a right education of the mind, and conscience, and heart of the nation, and the whole nation, it will be but the growth of a misshapen and deformed monster. That element must mingle with the elemental principles of the nation's life, growing *with* the growth, and strengthening *with* the strength of the nation.

What a work, then, is to be done!—and how speedily and energetically, if the elements of evil, augmented in strength by the quickened impulses of the present period, are to be seasonably and effectually counteracted. The friends of education must be up and doing.

Yours is *the movement for the times*. It takes strong hold of this great subject, and gives it the prominence it deserves. It looks directly to the education of the masses—the training to knowledge and virtue the millions of children now growing up in ignorance and vice, to become a curse instead of a blessing to the nation. In the true missionary spirit, it goes into "the highways and hedges," seeks out these objects of benevolent and patriotic regard, and, by gentle steps, leads them to the precious fountains of goodness and truth.

What a work is here for benevolence to do! How strong the appeal to the heart that is capable of taking in the great idea of the universal brotherhood of man, and feels the resulting obligation of willing and *doing* him the utmost possible good. And what higher good can be done him, than to minister to the wants of his spiritual nature, to give it appropriate nourishment, to develop its noble powers, to divert it to noble ends, and to bring it into communion with the infinitely Great and Good, and Pure and True.

But I am exceeding the limits appropriate to this communication, and will only add that I have no hope of success, either for myself or for any others engaged in this good work, but in the favor of Him who has said, Without me ye can do nothing. Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. In his strength we labor, and in his life we live.

A FAMILY OF MINISTERS.

Spending an evening not long since at the house of the late Rev. Thomas Worcester of Salisbury, his widow handed us a Hymn Book, on the blank leaves of which was a genealogical account of the Worcester family, written a few years before his death by Noah Worcester, Esq., of Hollis, the honored father of four distinguished ministers bearing his name. As the Worcester family belongs to New Hampshire, and is brought into remembrance every Sabbath in nearly every congregation by the book one of the members prepared with so much judgment and taste to aid their devotions, it may be interesting to our readers to know something more particular of its history. With the account before us and other assistances, we make out the following table.

Rev. William Worcester emigrated from Salisbury, in England, and was the first minister of Salisbury, Mass., where he was admitted a freeman in the year 1640. His son Samuel settled in Bradford, and died in the year 1680, as he was returning from the General Court, of which he was a member. Samuel had a son of the name of Francis, who lived in the same place, and died in 1717. His son, bearing the same name, was settled as the second minister of the 2nd parish, in Sandwich, Mass. He appears to have been an earnest promoter of vital religion, as he was one of the ministers who signed "The Testimony and Advice of an Assembly of

terred in the field of his long and useful labors. It is observable that the pious father of these distinguished ministers had carefully noted down in his record not only the time of the birth and death of his children, but the year and day of their ordination.

Four of the sons of Rev. Leonard Worcester entered the ministry, the ordination sermon of each of whom was preached by their father. viz. *Rev. Samuel A. Worcester*, missionary to the Cherokees, among whom he now resides, having never visited his native spot, or left his field of labor from the time he consecrated himself to his work; *Rev. Evarts Worcester*, who was settled at Littleton, N. H., and died soon after in the midst of bright prospects of influence and usefulness; *Rev. Isaac R. Worcester*, who succeeded his brother at Littleton, but was obliged, after a few years, to resign his charge in consequence of ill health; and *Rev. John H. Worcester*, pastor of one of the churches in St. Johnsbury. The only remaining son prepared for the ministry, but from feeble health we believe has not entered it.

Rev. David Smith married a sister of the Worcesters, and was settled in Temple, Me., Feb. 21, 1800, and afterwards in Meredith Village, N. H., where he died, and whose son, *Rev. David P. Smith*, is the minister of Greenfield, N. H. A daughter of Rev. Noah Worcester became the wife of Rev. Stephen Bliss, who studied theology with Rev. Dr. Wood of Boscawen, and removed to Illinois, where his wife died; a daughter of Jesse Worcester, Esq., was married to Rev. Mr. Loomis of Hardwicke, Vt.

We venture to say, no other family can be found in the records of this or any country which in the same period has produced so many individuals equally distinguished for native talent, forcible character, extended usefulness, and moral and religious worth. [Congregational Journal.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOV. 28, 1846.

POVERTY AND CRIME IN BOSTON.

This subject has in many different quarters been forcibly presented to our citizens this fall. Meetings of the Sunday School Union, as may be seen by reports published in our paper, have taken it into consideration, and given rise to eloquent remarks and important suggestions. The Rev. Matthew Hale Smith gave a discourse, which was published soon after, and attracted a good deal of attention from the spirit of his remarks and the frightful picture he gave of the progress of intemperance and crime. It is besides a subject on which our own regular ministers are never slow to speak, especially at the season of the year which most calls for the charity of all who have it in their power to assist the poor and the degraded. And it is a pleasant thought, that there is no call so cheerfully and so generously responded to by our city congregations.

We have just been reading a sermon by Mr. Parker; and if it has given us no new light on the subject, either as to the magnitude and character of the evil or the method of removing it, it has served to confirm the impression which we had previously received. The sermon is a vivid, and, if in some respects exaggerated, yet in the main a true picture of the actual condition of things among us. It has, at least, no palliation of the evil, and throws no disguise round it, to conceal or half obscure its deformity. It follows the poor child from his birth to the State Prison. It points out his temptations.

"Now consider the moral temptations before such a *man*. Here is wealth, food, clothing, comfort, luxury, gold, the great enchanter of this age—and but a plank 'twixt it and *them*. Nay, they are shut from it only by a pane of glass thin as popular justice, and scarcely less brittle! They feel the natural wants of man; the artificial wants of men in cities. They are indignant at their social position—thrust into the mews and the kennels of the land. They think some one is to blame for it. A man in New England does not believe it God's will he should toil forever, stinting and sparing only to starve the more slowly to death, overloaded with work—with no breathing time but the blessed Sunday. They see others doing nothing, idle as Solomon's lilies, yet wasting the unearned bread God made to feed the children of the poor. They see crowds of idle women elegantly clad, a show of loveliness, a rainbow in the streets, and think of the rag which does not hide their daughter's shame. They hear of thousands of baskets of costly wine imported in a single ship, not brought to recruit the feeble, but to tickle the palate of the Strong. They begin to ask if wealthy men and wise men have not forgotten their brothers, in thinking of their own pleasure! It is not the poor alone who ask that. In the midst of all this, what wonder is it if they feel desirous of revenge; what wonder that stores and houses are broken into, and stables set afire! Such is the natural effect of misery like that; it is but the voice of our brother's blood crying to God against us. I wonder not that it cries in robbery and fire. The jail and the gallows will not still that voice, nor silence the answer. I wonder at the fewness of crimes, not their multitude. I must say that, if goodness and piety did not bear a greater proportion to the whole development of the Poor than the Rich, their crimes would be tenfold. The Nation sets the Poor an example of FRAUD, by making them pay highest on all local taxes; of THEFT, by levying the national revenue on persons, not property. Our Navy and Army set them the lesson of VIOLENCE, and, to complete their schooling, at this very moment we are robbing another people of cities and lands, stealing, burning, and murdering, for lust of power and gold. Every body knows that the political action of a nation is the mightiest educational influence in that nation. But such is the doctrine the State preaches to them—a constant lesson of fraud, theft, violence and crime. The literature of the nation mocks at the Poor—laughing in the popular journals at the poor man's inevitable crime. Our trade deals with the poor as TOOLS, not men. What wonder they feel wronged! *Your city missionary may dawdle the matter as he will; tell them it is God's will they should be dirty and ignorant, hungry, cold and naked.* Now and then a poor woman starving with cold and hunger may think it true. But the Poor know better; ignorant as they are, they know better. Great Nature speaks, when you and I are still. They feel neglected, wronged and oppressed. What hinders them from following the example set by the nation, by society, by the strong? Their inertness, their cowardice—and, what does not always restrain abler men, their FEAR OF GOD! With cultivated men, the intellect is often developed at the expense of conscience and religion, with the poor this is seldom the case.

The misfortunes of the poor do not end here. To make their degradation total, their name infamous, we have shut them out of our churches. Once in our Puritan meeting-houses, there were "body seats" for the Poor; for a long time free galleries, where men sat and were not ashamed. Now it is not so. A Christian society about to build a church, and having $50,000 does not spend $40,000 for that, making it a church for all, and keep $10,000 as a fund for the poor. No, it borrows $30,000 more, and then shuts the Poor out of its bankrupt aisles. A high Tower, or a fine-toned Bell—yea Marble and Mahogany are thought better than the presence of these little ones whom God wills not to perish. I have heard ministers boast of the great men, and famous, who *sat* under their preaching; never one who boasted that the Poor came into his church, and were fed, body and soul! You go to our churches—the Poor are not in them. They are idling and lounging away their day of rest, like the horse and the ox. Alas me, that the apostles, that the Christ himself could not worship in our churches, till he sold his garment and bought a pew! Many of our houses of public worship, would be well named, CHURCHES FOR THE AFFLUENT. Yet Religion is more to the poor man than to the rich. What wonder then, if the Poor lose self-respect, when driven from the only churches where it is thought respectable to pray!

Now this class of men are perishing; yes, perishing in the nineteenth century; perishing in Boston, noble, charitable Boston; perishing contrary to God's will—soul and body; and perishing all the worse because they die slow, and corrupt by inches. As things now are, their mortality is hardly a curse. The Methodists are right in telling them this world is a valley of tears—it is wholly so to them; and Heaven a long June day, full of rest and plenty. To die is their only gain—their only hope. Think of that, you who murmur because money is "tight," *because your investment gives only twenty per cent.* a year, or because you are taxed for half of your property, meaning to move off next season; think of that you who complain because the Democrats are in power to day, and you who tremble lest the Whigs shall be in '49; think of that, you who were never hungry, nor athirst, who are sick, because you have nothing else to do, and grumble against God, from mere emptiness of soul, and for amusement's sake;—think of men not, if wise, daring to raise the human prayer for life—but for death, as the only gain, the only hope, and you will give over *your* complaint, your hands stopping your mouth!"

The contrast here held up is a terrible one, and, bating two or three irrelevant, if not malignant taunts, it is true, and ought to be pondered well by us all. The contrast in the conditions of men is almost terrific. Society does not rest on a Christian basis. Our Churches are not portioned out and regulated by Christian principles. There is a noble generosity among our wealthy men. There is a readiness to engage in all worthy enterprises, to give liberally to all charitable objects, such as we do not believe is to be found in any other city. Still is there the interest in the poor and suffering, which there ought to be? If the rich and educated classes were thoroughly in earnest and labored for the good of others with anything like the same zeal with which they labor for themselves, would not the worst evils of poverty be suddenly checked in their growth, and the relations of rich and poor be pervaded by a widely different spirit from that which now exists? Are we not all of us in fault? And does it not become us to consider well, whether we are doing all that we can do, for the needy and those ready to perish!

Intemperance is a topic on which Mr. Parker dwells. Most of the statistics which he brings forward have been already at different times presented to our readers. But it can do no harm to repeat the story, sad though it is.

"Within the last few years it seems that drunkenness has increased. I know this is sometimes doubted. But if this fact is not shown by the increased number of legal convictions for the crime, it is by the sight of drunken men in public and not arrested. I think I have not visited the city five times in the last ten months without seeing more or less men drunk in the streets. The cause of this increase it seems to me is not difficult to discover. All great movements go forward by undulations, as the waves of the rising tide come up the beach. Now comes the great wave reaching far up the shore, and then recedes. The next, and the next, and the next falls short of the highest mark; yet the *tide* is coming in all the while.—You see this same undulation in other popular movements—for example, in politics. Once the great wave of Democracy broke over the Central Power, washing it clean. Now the water lies submissive beneath that rock, and gently licks its feet. In some other day the popular wave shall break with purifying roar clean over that haughty stone and wash off the lazy barnacles, heaps of corrupting drift-wood, and monsters of the deep. By such seemingly unsteady movements of popular affairs get forward. The Reformed Drunkards, it is said, were violent, ill-bred, theatrical, and only touched the surface.—Many respectable men withdrew from the work soon as the Washingtonians came to it. It was a pity they did so—but they did. I think the conscience of New England did not trust the reformed men—that also is a pity. They seem now to have relaxed their effort in a great measure, perhaps discouraged at the coldness with which they have in some quarters been treated. I know not why it is—but they do not continue so ably the work they once began. Besides, the State, it was thought, favored intemperance. It was for a long time doubted if the license-laws were constitutional; so they were openly set at nought, for wicked men seized on doubtful opportunities. Then, too, temperance had gone, a few years ago, as far as it could be expected to go until certain great obstacles were removed. Many leading men in the land were practically hostile to temperance, and with some remarkable exceptions, still are. The Sons of Pilgrims, last Forefathers' Day, could not honor the self-denial of the Puritans without wine! The Alumni of Harvard University could not, till this season, keep their holidays without strong drink. If rich men continue to drink without need, the poor will long continue to be drunk. Vices, like decayed furniture, go down. They keep their shape, but become more frightful.—In this way the refined man who often drinks, but is never drunk, corrupts hundreds of men whom he never saw, and without intending it, becomes a foe to society.

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"Whatsoever the causes may be, I think you see proofs enough of the fact, that Drunkenness has increased within the last few years. You see it in the men drunken in the streets, in the numerous shops built to gratify the intemperate man. Some of these are elegant and costly, only for the Rich; others so mean and dirty that one must be low indeed to wallow therein. But the same thing is there in both, Rum, Poison-drink. Many of these latter are kept by poor men, and the spider's web of the law now and then catches one of them, though latterly but seldom here. Sometimes they are kept and perhaps, generally *owned* by rich men who dive through the net. I know how hard it is to see through a dollar, though misery stand behind it, if the dollar be your own, and the misery belong to your brother. I feel pity for the man who helps ruin his race, who scatters fire-brands and death throughout society, scathing the heads of rich and poor, and old and young. I would speak charitably of such an one as a fellow-sinner. How he can excuse it to his own conscience is his affair, not mine. I speak only of the fact. For a poor man there may be some excuse—he has no other calling whereby to gain his bread; he would not see his own children beg, nor starve nor steal! To see his neighbor go to ruin and drag thither his children and wife, was not so hard. But it is not the shops of the poor man that do most harm! * Had there been none but these, they had long ago been shut, and intemperance done with. It is not poor men that manufacture this poison; not they who import it or sell by the wholesale. If there were no rich men in this trade there would soon be no poor ones! But how does the rich man reconcile it to his *conscience*? I can not answer that!

It is difficult to find out the number of drink-shops in the city. The assessors say there are eight hundred and fifty; another authority makes the number twelve hundred. Let us suppose there are but one thousand. I think that much below the real number, for the assistant assessors found three hundred in a single ward! These shops are open morning and night. More is sold on Sunday, it is said, than any other day in the week! While you are here to worship your Father, some of your brothers are making themselves as beasts; yes, lower. You shall probably see them at the doors of these shops as you go home—drunk in the streets this day! To my mind, the retailers are committing a great crime. I am no man's judge, and cannot condemn even them. There is one that judgeth. I cannot stand in the place of any man's conscience. I know well enough what is sin; God, only, who is sinner. Yet I cannot think the man who retails half so bad as the rich man who distils, imports, or sells by wholesale the infamous drug. He knew better, and cannot plead poverty as the excuse of his crime.

Let me mention some of the statistics of this trade before I speak of its effects. It there are one thousand drink shops, and each sells liquor to the amount of only six dollars a day—which is the price of only one hundred drams, or two hundred at the lowest shops—then we have the sum of $2,190,000 paid for liquor to be drunk on the spot every year. This sum is considerably more than double the amount paid for the whole public education of the people in the entire State of Massachusetts! In Boston alone, last year, there were distilled 2,873,623 gallons of spirit. In five years, from 1840 to '44, Boston exported 2,156,990, and imported 2,887,993 gallons. They burnt up a man the other day, at the distillery in Merrimac street. You read the story in the daily papers, and remember how the by-standers looked on with horror to see the wounded man attempting with his hands to fend off the flames from his naked head! Great Heaven! It was not the first man that distillery has burned up! No, not by thousands. You see men about your streets, all afire; some half burnt down; some with all the soul burnt out, only the cinders left of the man—the shell and wall—and that tumbling and tottering, ready to fall. Who of you has not lost a relative, at least a friend, in that withering flame, that terrible *Auto da fé*, that hell-fire on earth!

Let us look away from that. I wish we could look on something to efface that ghastly sight. But see the result of this trade. Do you wonder at the present poverty just now spoken of; at the vagrapt children! In the Poor House at Albany, at one time, there were 633 persons, and of them 615 were intemperate! Ask your city authorities how many of the Poor are brought to their Almshouse directly or remotely by intemperance! Do you wonder at the crime which fills your jails, and swells the tax of county and city! Three-fourths of the petty crime in the State comes from this source directly or remotely. Your jails were never so full before! When the parents are there what is left for the children? In Prussia, the government which imprisons the father takes care of the children, and sends them to school. Here they are forced into crime.

As I gave some statistics in the cause, let me also give some of the effect. Two years ago your Grand Jury reports that one of the city police, on Sunday morning, between the hours of twelve and two, in walking from Cornhill-square to Cambridge street, passed more than one hundred persons more or less drunk! In 1844 there were committed to your House of Correction, for drunkenness, 453 persons; in 1845, 595; in 1846, up to the 24th of August that is in seven months and twenty-four days, 446. Besides, there have been already in this year 396 complained of at the Police Court and fined, but not sent to the House of Correction. Thus, in seven months and twenty-four days 842 persons have been legally punished for public drunkenness. In the last two months and a half 445 persons were thus punished. In the first twenty-four days of this month, 94! In the last year there were 4,643 persons committed to your watch-house—more than the twenty-fifth of the whole population. The thousand drink-shops levy a direct tax of more than $2,000,000.—That is only the first out-lay. The whole ultimate cost in idleness, sickness, crime, death and broken hearts—I leave you to calculate that! The men who *live* in the lower courts, familiar with the sinks of iniquity, speak of this crime as 'most awful!' Yet in this month and the last, there were but nine persons indicted for the illegal sale of the poison which so wastes the people's life! The head of your Police and the foreman of your last Grand Jury are prominent in that trade.

Does the government know of these things; know of their cause? One would hope not.—The last Grand Jury in their public report, after speaking manfully of some actual evils, instead of pointing at drunkenness and bar-rooms, direct your attention 'to the increased number of omnibusses and other large carriages in the streets.'"

We might qualify some of the remarks here made and utter them in a different tone. But they are substantially true. These are no imaginary or distant evils. They are all around us. They are in the city, and, in a modified form, they run through all the country. We have known no sadder task than to visit the homes of the miserably poor. If poverty were all, it would be even a pleasant thing to go among them. But the causes of poverty and its effects,—from them we turn away sick at heart and almost despairing. But that is wrong. We must not give up so. Great is the power of a single Christian heart, engaging with a religious trust in its blessed work. Let each one do what he can, and where he can labor to the best advantage.

Comfortable houses may be built without the sacrifice even of money by those who have the means. An untold amount of wretchedness may be alleviated in this way.

Homes may be provided for desolate children, in private families and public institutions.

To those whose only crime is that they are poor, or that the father *has been* intemperate, private benefactions may be given by private hands, in such a way as to improve the hearts of those who give and those who receive.

Strong measures may be taken, if the virtuous part of the community will only engage in it, to check the sale of intoxicating drinks. And here, by all that they hold most dear, we would entreat those who are engaged in the traffic whether on a large or a small scale, to consider the work in which they are engaged. We call them by no hard names. We know too well the infirmities of our nature, and have too many sins of our own, to treat others harshly. We only ask them to consider well what they are doing, what must be its effect on others, and whether in their sorrows, in sickness and at the hour of death, it is of a character to give them any comfort. Let them answer as in the presence of God, and so act as may be most for their peace. We may all of us refrain from doing that ourselves, which may render our example dangerous to those who are easily led into temptation.

Let those who can, see that vagrant children are gathered into our schools. Let Sunday school teachers carry out the good work which they have undertaken. Let our wealthy Congregations and Churches consider how, as Christian bodies, they can be most true to the spirit of their Master, and especially let them consider how, as individuals, they may in this matter most effectually approve themselves to be the followers of Christ.

In short, let all take this matter to heart, and each from his peculiar position look well into the subject, and consider not whether he shall do anything,—something he must do—but consider where and how he may labor to the best advantage. We ought not to sleep in peace, with all these evils evils around us, these perishing multitudes in our midst, unless we do what we can for their relief.

*** The Rev. J. F. W. WARE will enter upon the duties of the Church and Society in the Cambridgeport Parish, on Sunday the 29th inst. The Rev. George Putnam, D. D., will preach an appropriate Sermon on the morning of that day. The Prayer of Installation will be offered by the Rev. James Walker, D. D.

The afternoon services will be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Ware. There will be a service in the evening to commence at 7 o'clock. Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Gannett.

A SERMON OF THE PERISHING CLASSES IN BOSTON.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

We have already noticed this discourse in our paper of to-day, but were unwilling to mar the impression of what we had to say in relation to a very important subject by anything of so little consequence as a minute criticism upon the sermon itself. But we cannot let the occasion pass without expressing our extreme regret at finding that Mr. Parker cannot utter his serious thoughts on a subject of such vital interest, without travelling out of his way to make statements or express feelings, which can only injure the cause which he would advocate. There are passages which show a deep and earnest sympathy for the poor;—passages glowing with intense interest in their behalf; but there is also running through the discourse a toue of feeling like that of a man out of temper with one half his race. How could Mr. Parker lug into a discourse, pleading the cause of the perishing classes, such a passage as this in stating the causes of the increase of intemperance!

"Then, too, some of our influential temperance men aid us no longer. Beecher is not here, Channing and Ware have gone to their reward. That other man, benevolent and indefatigable, where is he? He trod the Worm of the Still under his feet, but the Worm of the Pulpit stung him, and he too is gone—that champion of Temperance, that old man eloquent, driven out of Boston. Why should I not tell an open secret! driven out by Rum and the Unitarian clergy of Boston!"

We say nothing of the taste, the truthfulness or the magnanimity here displayed! If he had the cause of those for whom he was pleading, really uppermost in his thoughts, how could he consent to injure that cause, by bringing in what could only awaken unkind feelings! Was it for the purpose of gratifying some personal pique against a class of men, who, so far as he is concerned, have been more sinned against than sinning, and who, whatever may be their faults and deficiences, have never been slow to press upon their congregations the claims of "the perishing classes!"

"I have been told a story—and I wish it might be falsely told—of a boy, in this city, of sixteen, sent to the House of Correction for five years because he stole a bunch of keys, and coming out of that jail at twenty-one unable to write, or read, or calculate, and with no trade but that of picking oakum. Yet he had been four years the child of the State—and in that College for the Poor! Who would employ such a youth; with such a reputation; with the smell of the jail in his very breath? Not your shrewd men of business—they know the risk; not your respectable men, members of churches and all that; not they! Why it would hurt a man's reputation for piety to do good in that way."

Does Mr. Parker believe, that here in Boston it would "hurt any man's reputation for piety to do good in that way"? And if he does not believe it why does he say it? Why destroy the whole effect of a just and forcible appeal by an assertion so illiberal and so reckless?

In speaking of the wrongs inflicted upon the poor, Mr. Parker uses this expression,—"Your city Missionary may dawdle the matter as he will; tell them it is God's will they should be dirty, and ignorant, hungry, cold and naked." Why this fling, so entirely uncalled for, at the ministry-at-large? Is it to give vent to some personal ill-feeling? It certainly cannot help the poor.

Again, the discourse, p. 14, says, "Think of that, you who murmur because money is tight, *because your investment gives only twenty per cent a year.*" &c. We are sorry to find an expression of this kind in such a place, not only because it is a sort of taunt which only awakens ill blood between man and man, but also because every business man who reads it must know that it is a gross exaggeration, and will therefore be inclined to put no confidence in those portraitures of vice and suffering which are really true.

We know that there are those to whom such accusations and inuendoes, as those we have pointed out, are always acceptable; but they are not, on that account, the less unchristian in their tone and influence. There is much in this discourse to command our hearty commendation and respect. The subject is one in which, for years, we have taken a deeper interest than in any other, and we had hoped that Mr. Parker might find room to pour out upon it all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature, with an earnestness sufficiently absorbing to engage his whole attention. But that would require more magnanimity and more singleness of purpose than we have been able to find in any of his writings. We have been disappointed in our hopes. Still, the discourse has much that ought to be considered by us all, and, even if it stimulate to a species of hatred towards some classes, we cannot but hope that it may encourage the members of Mr. Parker's society to take the cause of "the perishing classes" into their own hands, and labor for them with new zeal.

TRUE AMERICAN.

We have regretted very much to learn that this most excellent paper is, for the time, discontinued. The following account of Mr. Vaughan, the late editor is from the pen of Edmund Quincy.

"We did not know till a short time since, who the late editor of the American was, and we are happy to find that he is a gentleman with whom we have had the pleasure of some personal acquaintance in by-gone years. Mr. Vaughan is a native of South Carolina, but received the chief of his education at the North. His education, we believe, was mostly private, and received at Andover, where we first knew him, and subsequently at Groton, if we do not misremember. He studied law at Northampton, and returned to South Carolina about the year 1828. He resided at Camden in that State, and practised law with success in the town, while he conducted a plantation in the neighborhood.

His New England education had the effect, if not of opening his eyes at that time to the inherent wickedness of slavery, at least of making him keenly alive to all the discomforts and disadvantages of the system. To escape these annoyances, as we understood at the time, he "sold out" some dozen or fifteen years ago, and removed to Cincinnati, where he has been a practising lawyer, and at one time editor of a newspaper, Whig we think, and a conspicuous member of the best society of the Queen city. Though, in times past, he did not identify himself with the abolitionists, he was understood not to be unfriendly in his feelings towards them. He was the counsel of Mr. Mahan, who was delivered up by the Governor of Ohio, on a requisition from Kentucky, for assisting in the escape of fugitives, and who was acquitted on his trial.

Mr. Vaughan is a man of a strong and active mind, well trained and stored with multifarious knowledge, retained in the grasp of a prodigious memory. We are rejoiced to know that he is disposed to devote his eminent talents to this great behalf. His influence cannot fail to be widely and beneficially felt. He is eminently qualified by nature, by education and by experience, for the difficult task of conducting an anti-slavery paper in a slave State. If, as we believe, he is determined to give himself to this work, with resolution and fidelity, the enemies of slavery will have no reason to regret the day when CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY gave place to JOHN CHAMPION VAUGHAN. Q.

RECANTATION.

Rev. Stephen Barnard, late Unitarian minister in Southboro', Mass., having renounced Unitarianism, was licensed a few weeks since, by the Hartford South Association, as an orthodox congregational minister. [Recorder.

We remember Mr. Barnard, as a serious, conscientious man. Did any Unitarian preacher, who succeeded in his profession, ever become orthodox? We remember four or five who have left us, but not till it was found that they had no success as Unitarian preachers. We do not mean to attribute dishonest motives to them in their change. But "the heart is deceitful above all things," and there is always a disposition to attribute our want of success to anything rather than to our own deficiencies. Hence when a preacher among us finds that he cannot interest others, he is tempted to consider whether the fault be not in his Theology, or in the Denomination with which he is connected; and it is not strange, if, in some instances, he should be more lenient to himself and more distrustful of his views, than a severe regard to truth might warrant.

HYMNS AND SACRED POETRY. II.

Among the most important as well as the most beautiful of hymns and short poems, are those which relate to man in his sorrows. In no one particular is there such a heaven-wide difference between Christian and heathen poetry as in all that relates to death. Take the following verses:

Gently fall the dews of eve,
Raising still the languid flowers;
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
O'er a mourner's stricken hours.

Blessed tears and dews that yet
Lift us nearer unto heaven!
Let us still his praise repeat,
Who in mercy all hath given.

These lines, as Christian poetry, are not remarkable for their lofty sentiment, but we do not believe that in the whole circle of Greek and Roman poetry anything can be found so soothing in its tone; still less anything to compare with this little piece from Crabbe.

The wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear;
And fairest flowers succeed the snow,
And hail the infant year.

So when the world and all its woes
Are vanished far away,
Fair scenes and wonderful repose
Shall bless the new-born day.

'Tis, but a sleep—and power divine
Shall call the many dead;
'Tis but a sleep—and then we sing
O'er dreams of sorrow fled.

Yes! wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear;
And nature has her types to shew
Throughout the varying year.

The following is from the Roman Breviary.

O God, unchangeable and true,
Of all, the life and power,
Dispensing light and silence through
Every successive hour:

Lord lighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.

Better still are the lines by Sir Thomas Brown.

While I do rest, my soul advance,
Let me sleep a holy trance,
That I may take my rest being wrought
Awake unto some holy thought;
And with as cheerful vigor run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death, O let me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die!
And down as gently lay my head
On my grave, as on my bed—
Howe'er I rest, great God! let me
Awake again, at last, with thee!

This is good, but the words of Jeremy Taylor have far more of that purely Christian element, through which the gulf between the two worlds is bridged over, and eternal life becomes a present gift.

Lord, let the flames of holy Charity,
And all her gifts and graces, slide
Into our hearts, and there abide;
That, thus refined, we may soar above
With it unto the element of love—
Even unto thee, dear Spirit—
And there eternal peace and rest inherit.
Amen.

But to come down more within the sphere of our human feelings, there is a very touching hymn by S. F. Smith, which we find in the Cheshire Collection,—a book unusually rich in this department of hymns. The lines are very familiar doubtless to most of our readers.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

Dearest sister thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that has bereft us;
He can all our sorrows feel.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Milman's lines, however, which probably suggested these, beginning, "Brother, thou art gone before us," are the most beautiful of the kind that we know. They were in the earlier editions of Mr. Greenwood's Hymns, and we cannot understand why they were afterwards left out.

The hymn, which follows—we copy it from the Cheshire Collection—is, we suppose, an imitation of the lines translated from Camoens, beginning. "I've seen the virtuous man contend."

I looked upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death:
There was no anguish on his brow,
No terror in his eye,
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.

I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the holy prayer
Which rose above that breathless form
To soothe the mourner's care,
And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave,—
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.

But after all, though there may be other pieces of poetry more tender and more lofty, the funeral hymns which we like best are those by Doddridge and Watts. Their philosophy in some particulars may not so exactly harmonise with our notions as some more modern hymns, but they have a strain, a lofty swell of Christian faith and piety, through which they lift up our souls and carry us on as no other hymns do.—There is a soothing, balmy sweetness in Mr. W. B. O. Peabody's hymn, beginning,

O, when the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep,—it is not rest,—
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

And there is perhaps no hymn which more peacefully chimes in with the gentler feelings of bereavement than that by Mrs. Barbauld, beginning,

Sweet is the scene when virtue dies.

or, as it is found in most of our hymn-books,

How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest.

These are beautiful and true, and we are thankful for them. But the hymns of Watts and Doddridge draw us near to Christ, and fill us more entirely with that spirit which lifts us above the world and enables us to triumph over it.

Why do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends.
To call them to his arms.
Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb!
'Twas there the Saviour's body lay
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all his saints are blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

Hear what the voice from heaven prolaims
To all the pious dead;
"Sweet is the savor of their name,
And soft their sleeping bed.
They die in Jesus and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With earnest hope, and strong desire.
No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.
Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on heavenly ground,
From faith and hope may grow;
There let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves and bear them home;
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs rng.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in thy dust.
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxions fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
Whilst angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying son
Passed thro' the grave, and blessed the bed;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust! the glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

These are Christian hymns. They sympathise with our frailties. No breathings of the flute are more tender, and no organ tones can rise into a more full and sacred triumph.

We began this article with the intention of confining ourselves to extracts from poems not generally known. But we have been carried away by our feelings. When once we began to place these new verses by the side of hymns, which we had heard and read and repeated from our childhood, we could not but see, that however beautiful and consoling they might be, like the music of winds and water-falls, like the solemn close of day or the more solemn stillness of autumn, still they would not, as Christian hymns, compare with those old familiar strains, which borrow their inspiration not from nature, but from Christ. New hymns we welcome gladly, and take pleasure in reading them. Some of them are among the very best that we have, and any hymn-book now could not be complete without them. But in reading the "Hymns and Anthems," spoken of last week, excellent as they are, we could not but feel how inadequate to the wants either of the church or the closet they are, including as they do in their number but one hymn from Watts and one from Doddridge.

For the Register.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

[Concluded.]

Miss B.—But was not all this a very tedious process! I am afraid I should not have patience to go through with it.

Miss S.—A tedious process! By no means. It was the very process which awakened my own interest and kept it awake, and prevented all tediousness in regard to the whole labor of Sabbath School instruction. If I were to take your class now, I should pursue precisely the same course. Although I have once carried a class through those books and they seem to be very simple and childlike, yet I should read over every lesson with care, to see what I could say in regard to it that would interest children and be adapted to their instruction. I should do it to keep alive my own interest if there was no other reason. I was once in company with an aged Professor in one of our Colleges, who had heard twenty different classes recite through Butler's Analogy, in as many successive years. And he remarked that he never, even then, went in to hear his class recite, without first looking carefully over the lesson himself, and that every time he looked it over, he found something new to say upon it. Although my class is a very good one, and I am very much interested in my labors as a Sunday School Teacher, yet I do not believe that I should myself retain my interest in the work for three months, if I should neglect, for that length of time, looking over my lesson carefully and making preparation to meet my class with something fresh and new.

Miss B.—But how do you find time to make this preparation? Does it not interfere with your employments, your visiting, or your other reading?

Miss S.—By no means. When I used the books that your classes are now studying, I was in the habit of reading over the lesson on the evening of the Sabbath, and then keeping it in my mind as the subject of my thought during the week. And before the week was out I had thought of much to say, of much I wished to say, so that I became at times almost impatient to meet my class. My other reading and visiting either furnished me with materials for conversation, with illustrations that were appropriate, or deepened in my mind a sense of the importance of the instructions I was to impart.—You perceive therefore that instead of taking up my time and interfering with my other employments, the lessons, simple as they were, furnished me with a profitable theme of thought during the week, and a nucleus around which I could cluster the results of my general reading, observation and reflection.

Miss B.—But how did you interest your scholars? I have talked to mine over and over again and told them that they ought to be interested, that it was wrong and wicked for them not to feel more interested in the Sunday School and in their lessons. But it does not seem to do any good at all, and I should like to know how I am to interest them.

Miss S.—Suppose, my dear B., that when you were talking to your scholars and telling them that they ought to be interested, they had looked into your face, and, with child-like simplicity, had asked if you were interested in your work of teaching and in the lessons taught.—You must, I suppose from what you have said, have answered no. And what if they had asked you if it was not just as wrong and wicked for a teacher, as for pupils, not to be interested? Could you have made them a satisfactory answer?

Miss B.—I have never thought of that view of the case before. But how did you interest your scholars? I am impatient to hear.

Miss S.—I put forth no effort directed especially to that end. I soon found that if I came to them with something new to tell them, some fresh thought of my own, something of which I had been thinking during the week, and about which I had been wishing to speak to them, they became gradually and almost impreceptibly more and more interested. They became more regular in their attendance, because they wished to hear what I had to tell them. Sometimes they came without their lessons and then I withheld the conversation upon the lesson until they were better quaitfied to listen, and held such conversations with them in regard to their delinquency as were adapted to awaken their feelings to the importance of faithfulness to their privileges. They soon came with lessons well studied, in order to be well prepared to converse with me upon them. In this way they have gone along. Their interest has been gradually becoming deeper and deeper.

Miss B.—There is one particular, my dear S., in which you and I differ. I never had any knack of talking with children, and you excel in that. There, I suspect, is my great delinquency, and it is so great that I fear it will alway prevent my success. I have tried and tried, as I have been sitting there with my scholars, to think of something to say to them, and could not think of the least thing that would be likely to interest them, and I don't believe I ever shall be able to talk freely with them as you do.

Miss S.—That is all nonsense, my dear friend, if you'll excuse me for saying so. You have just as good a knack as I have, or as any body else has, or, if you have not, you can easily acquire a facility that will overcome all difficulty. You have found no difficulty in conversing with me this morning upon the subject of Sunday School instruction. And why? Because you have been thinking of the subject, until you had something to say upon it, and something that you wished to say to me, whenever you might meet me. Six months ago, when, as you may remember, I introduced the subject, you had nothing to say upon it, because you had not then thought of it. Now, according to your own statement, you meet your class from Sabbath to Sabbath without any preparation. You know not, beforehand, what will be the subject of the lesson, and without having thought of a single thing to say to them. You sit down and hear them recite their lesson and wonder that you cannot think of any thing to say to them, and complain that you have no knack for talking with children. There is no particular knack required to talk with children. You have no knack of talking with any body upon a subject upon which you have never thought at all, and upon which you have nothing to say. If you will study the lesson over which you assign to your class, you will, as you study, think of enough to say, and then you have only to say it in plain and simple language and there will be no difficulty. Your scholars will soon become so too.

Miss B.—I must confess that our conversation has taken a different turn from what I supposed it would. And the result, in its influence upon my feelings, is altogether different from what I had been expecting it would be. When you came in, I was glad to see you, and I had for some time been wishing to converse with you, and I hoped you would approve of my determination, already half formed, to give up all further attempts at Sunday School instruction.—And I felt that if I could only secure your sanction to such a course, I should feel fully justified in pursuing it. But you have made me feel that my difficulty is very much owing to my own negligence, and have awakened in me a hope that I may yet become an interested and successful teacher. At least my present feeling is that *I will try*.

Miss S.—My dear B., I am very glad to hear you say that. Begin by preparing yourself to meet your class. Your very attempt to do this will deepen and keep alive your own interest.—It will also enable you so to meet your class as to awaken an interest in them. If they become interested you will very probably enlist the interest of their parents. Persevere and may God bless you in your efforts. J. W.

For the Register.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM LIVERPOOL.

MR. EDITOR,—Of religion there are various denominations here. I generally go to hear Mr. Martineau; he is a profound man and gives us thought from as deep recesses as any other. His mind is prone to metaphysical inquiry, deep investigation; his words are not common or s

ives security and peace, and interested in the
penings and visions which their own investi-
gations present, they brouch subjects which car-
ry the mind away and give a levity, unreasona-
ble it may seem, to that great and undeniable
theme of Christian research, "what shall I do
to be saved." That high sentiments are to take
the place of our present ones we know to a cer-
tain extent, but they should be introduced with
case before we abandon our old ground. The
German mind is now questioning and making light
of the revelations of God, and it is well the world
is so advanced, that that people are so sedate,
that these opinions are not disposed to license,
that there is so much scholasticism and elevated
principle about them or we might fear for the
result. How far these sentiments act upon
Mr. Martineau I know not, but his mind is too
English, his sympathy for humanity too great,
his anxiety for a healthier and higher religion
too absorbing to allow views which weaken their
strong holds to have power over him or to ac-
cept anything that will separate him in any es-
sential sense from the body to which he belongs.

His congregation I should not consider a full
one. That multitudes in the city would profit
by hearing him wake up to new conceptions,
find a new world within them, food to think of
forever, I verily believe. But it should be borne
in mind, that this is the most obnoxious dissent
from the Established Church, and whatever re-
spectability and aristocracy may mean with us,
they are superficial and harmless in comparison
to the deep tone which they give here to all
questions whether of opinion or on the observan-
ces of life. And this goes far to give a com-
pletion to Unitarianism. Most of the other
sects are but slips from the parent stem, stray
children, but not therefore to be cast away.
These very Chapels would have been lost to the
Unitarian body, if a majority of the clergy with
other dissenters had been the umpires in the
question, which arose about their tenure some
two years since. I never have known anything
more iniquitous, more unchristian than this at-
tempt to rob their fellow-men of their places of
worship. Had it been done in any other name
than Christianity, it would have outraged the
general sentiment; for the dimmest sense of jus-
tice would have detected the oppression, but
men whom the nation delight to honor, in the
Lords and Commons, allowed no such decision
to taint their Statute Book, and the Unitarians
have since breathed easy and I believe are now
thriving. At least the popular protestantism is
said to be declining, and we may hope the
Unitarians have met with some accessions. It is
time the world awake to some change. The
claims, to doctrines which are subversive of all
charity, that are wanting in the very cause of
Christianity, should domineer over Christendom
no more, should be the tests no more by which
man is measured by his fellow man.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A DISCOURSE ON THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. By William P. Tilden, Minister of the Second Congregational Church in Concord, N. H.

This is a good discourse, written with a good
deal of force, and showing the inconsistencies in-
volved in the articles and proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance.

"In giving," says Mr. Tilden, "my own deep
conviction of those features of the Alliance to
which I have called your attention, I would cast
no reflection upon the *motive* of any member of
it. God *only knows fully the motives* of his
children. The overt act we may bring to the
test of truth and right. This I have endeavored
to do. The motives we must leave to Him who
tries the reins and searcheth the heart, and I
have no doubt but in that day when heart shall
be revealed to heart, in the light of Heaven,
many who have been led to adopt the most
widely differing measures for the advancement
of that they deem to be the good and the true,
will be found at one in the motives that govern-
ed them. The Alliance may have done much
good to the individual members of it. I have
no doubt that many a heart was moved, by their
discussions and their fellowship with differing
views, to a broader charity and a deeper Christian
faith. There is something gained, even when a
united number of Christian sects are moved to
associate more closely for mutual good. I do
not overlook this, but gratefully acknowledge it,
and only wish that the love awakened had been
broad and deep as the *Master's*, when he
prayed "that they *all* might be one." But here
they failed, and their failure, I doubt not, will
still more for Christian union, by calling the
attention of the religious community to the
cause of that failure, and showing how ab-
surd is the idea of organizing for the union of
true disciples on any "basis" less broad or
higher than the rock Christ Jesus. This is the
only foundation upon which the beautiful temple
of Christian union can ever be reared. This is
the corner stone, elect, precious. "Other foun-
dation can no man lay than that which is laid."
The truth of this is shown in all past experience.
Again and again have men sought to build, as
the Alliance have done, on the shifting sands of
fallible creed; but how soon has their work
crumbled into ruins. *Christ* is the only founda-
tion—the only *creed*—a belief in *Him* the only
"basis" broad enough for Christian union. "I
am the way, the *truth* and *the life*." Is not he
who believes this, and seeks earnestly to walk
in that *way*, and learn that truth, and live that
life, a Christian! What need we, then, of any
other creed!

But it is not the mere adoption of any "basis"
even though it be the true one, and such as every
Christian could respond to cordially, that is most
needed for Christian union. But it is a deeper
realism of the Savior's spirit—a more heart felt
adoption of his truth—a nearer approximation
to his divine life. This will bring us into fel-
lowship of spirit with all true disciples without
the aid of a "doctrinal basis." The heart, not
the head, is the fountain from which Christian
union must flow. It will not come by organiz-
ing for it. There must be a spirit of union with-
in before there can be any true manifestation
without. The true alliance for Christian
union is the alliance of love and charity. This
is truly an *Evangelical Alliance*, for it is the al-
liance Christ preached when he said a "new
commandment give I unto you, that ye love one
another. By this shall all men know that ye
are my disciples, if ye have love one toward an-
other." It was this holy alliance that bound the
Savior's own heart to his beloved disciples, and
which he prayed so fervently might bind them
in one another, to himself, and to God."

This opens work at once for each one of us.
It shows us what we may do for Christian
union. What we must do if we would effectu-
ally aid it. We must begin at home—with our-
selves. The demon of sectarianism must first
be exorcised from our own bosoms. He may be
lurking there, even while we are denouncing
others, for I believe one may become clannish,
bigoted and sectarian in spirit even while de-
nouncing sectarianism. So needful is it to
watch the heart. We must show by our daily
lives, in the spirit of Christian fellowship and af-
fection we manifest to those around us of a dif-
fering faith, that we are living members of
Christ's holy alliance of love. Yes, even though
the hand we stretch out for union be refused—
though a portion of our brethren turn from us,
in coldness and distrust, let it call forth no bit-
ter word, no unkind feeling, but only make us
more anxious to live so near to Christ that those
with a "contrary part may be ashamed, having no
evil thing to say of us."

Let us thus be faithful to the great principles
of Christian charity, in our own village circle;
looking to Christ for light, and truth, and love,
and though we be members of no organized al-
liance, our influence will tell for Christian un-
ion, wherever it may be felt.

It is a blessed thought that there is already a
bond of union between all true and faithful souls.
A union too deep and heart-reaching to be cre-
ated or broken by any outward organization.—
"There is a communion of saints." Let us all
seek that communion. It embraces the pure in
heart, of all times. Its "basis" is Holiness—a
good life—a spirit in harmony with Jesus, and
obedient to God."

THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

We have received the October number of this
now standard work. It contains among other
things, a review of Carlyle's Cromwell; an ar-
ticle on the Natural History of the Spider;—a
favorable notice of Emanuel Swedenborg, and of
A. H. Everett's Essays and Poems, and a long
article in opposition to Mr. Calhoun's report on
the Memphis Memorial. The following notice
of the Works of Henry Ware, Jr., shows how
Catholic the journal is in its literary character.

"Of Henry Ware, none who knew him ever
speak, but in terms of the fondest affection, and
those who knew him not, may well learn in this
record of his writings, to love and venerate his
character. Warmth of feeling tempered by
simplicity of heart, and a fervor of imagination
restrained by strength of judgment, made him
not less pleasing as a writer than he is said to
have been admirable as a companion.

The volumes before us, constitute the second
of a series of Mr. Ware's works, containing, as
it is expressed in the brief preface of the Editor,
"Selections from his published and unpublished
Miscellaneous Writings." We may find a va-
riety, both of subject and style, to please the
most fastidious taste. Essays, sermons, biog-
raphical sketches, fictitious narratives, song and
sentiment, prose and poetry of every kind, "from
grave to gay, from lively to severe," are inter-
spersed through the pages of these delightful
books, in acceptable profusion. Some are new
faces, but not the less welcome; others are old
acquaintances, of which however we do not tire.
"The Duties of Young Men in respect to the
Dangers of the Country," is an invaluable tract,
which we would gladly see adopted as a *vade
mecum*, by the youth of America. The frequent
perusal might teach them to be familiar with
their obligations to themselves and their native
land, and furnish them with some useful hints as
to the best method of fulfilling those obligations.
The lecture on "The Poetry of Mathematics,"
is another paper of exquisite beauty, whose
merits, long known to the literary world, would
alone be sufficient to establish the reputation of
the writer for power of genius, and elegance of
style.

There are among these compositions some
hundred or two pages of poetical recreations.
Ware was not a professed poet, but he had the
temperament out of which poets may be made;
and many of these pieces—"The Dream of my
Life," among the rest, abound in a spirit of
beauty of which no poet need be ashamed.

There are some few polemical papers, but
even they have taken so much of their character
from the mild equanimity of their writer's tem-
per, that lessons of tolerance, at least, may be
learned from them. And this is indeed more
than can be said of all the theological discussions
that encumber the shelves of our libraries.

ANYTHING FOR SPORT.

By Mrs. Tuthill. This is a spiritual story;—
a little extravagant; but, on the whole, a pretty
good book for the young.

A CONSCIENTIOUS ARCHITECT.

Two or three weeks since a Committee of the
Federal Street Society called on Mr. Upjohn
the architect, who at their request examined a
lot with reference to building a Church upon it.
He approved of the site, and the understanding
was, that he was to furnish a plan for the
Church. But as nothing was heard from him
after his return to New York, a member of the
Committee wrote to him, asking for the plan.
To this, Mr. Upjohn replied, that after having
anxiously and prayerfully considered the matter,
he had come to the conclusion, that he could not
conscientiously furnish a plan for a Unitarian
Church, he being an Episcopalian.

Whether Mr. Upjohn came to this conclusion
so at variance with his previous conduct and
character, from his own reflections, or through
the influence of Bishop Ouderdonk or any other
of his spiritual advisers, we, of course, cannot
know. He may be conscientious in his conclu-
sions. We are not disposed to question his mo-
tives. Yet we cannot but think, that his con-
duct, so far as it has any influence, will injure
the sect, with which he is connected, and by
creating a mingled feeling of indignation, pity
and contempt among Unitarians, will check the
favorable feelings, which many among us enter-
tain towards the forms of Episcopacy, and repel
them from a Church, which, with all its apparent
liberality, is in fact so bigoted and narrow.
Nothing will strengthen our denomination so
much, as this kind of insult.

In the Daily Advertiser of Monday we find
the following curious correspondence. Perhaps
this is better than a more serious way of treating
the matter.

CONSCIENCE.

BOSTON, Oct. 20, 1846.

To Mr. Solomon Sly, Architect, New York:

DEAR SIR:—I have determined to erect a
house upon the lot which I showed you the oth-
er day, and will thank you to furnish me, at
your earliest convenience, with a plan of a build-
ing suitable for the proposed location, and an es-
timate of cost.

I am, &c.,
TIMOTHY CUMMINS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25, 1846.

To Timothy Cummins, Esq., Boston:

DEAR SIR:—I have received yours of the
20th, and have deeply pondered its contents,
with an earnest and religious desire to do right.
I understand your letter fully, so far as it goes,
but you will pardon me for saying that it is, in
one material respect, strikingly deficient. You
make no allusion to your creed, and state noth-
ing which gives me the least clue to your reli-
gious opinions. Be good enough to supply this
defect and oblige

Yours, &c.,
S. SLY.

BOSTON, Oct. 28th, 1846.

Mr. S. Sly:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 25th is at hand.
Pardon the omission in my last. I approve the
scruples which are to be implied from your com-
munication, and agree with you in thinking that
too much caution cannot be practiced to keep
heresies unhoused. I am thoroughly evangeli-
cal in my notions—holding the doctrines of the
Trinity—the atonement—justification by faith
and all that set of opinions which good men
agree in pronouncing Orthodox.

Please send plans and estimates by return
mail.

Very truly yours,
T. CUMMINS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31, 1846.

Mr. T. Cummins:

DEAR SIR:—I am afraid you will think me
overscrupulous, but I must obey conscience.
You do not state whether you hold to baptism by
immersion or sprinkling. I hope, by your re-
moving all doubt upon this head, the last obstacle
will be overcome.

Yours, in Christian love,
S. SLY.

BOSTON, Nov. 3, 1846.

Mr. Sly:

DEAR SIR:—I am for infant baptism.

Yours, &c.,
T. CUMMINS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1846.

Mr. Cummins:

SIR:—I go for immersion, and can, of course,
have no farther correspondence with you.

Unchristian as you are, I still believe in the
goodness of your heart, and therefore do not
doubt that you will be glad to know that my re-
fusal to deal with unbelievers will give me ten
contracts where they would have furnished one.

Trusting that the bitter lesson which you have
now learned will win you to the mild light of
Christianity,

I am with due respect,
S. SLY.

OBITUARIES.

ALVA MALINA HAYWARD.

Died in Acton, Oct. 2., Alva Malina, aged 16
months; daughter of Mr. James W. Hayward,
and grandchild of Mr. James Hayward of Box-
borough.

"Mourn not for the child from thy tenderness riven,
Ere stain on its purity fell;
To thy questioning heart, lo! an answer from heaven,
It is well with the child! It is well."

PAUL HAYWARD.

Died in Boxborough, Oct. 20th, Paul Hay-
ward, youngest son of Mr. James Hayward, 21.

It is but a few years since the bereaved pa-
rents of this young man were called to experi-
ence a heavy affliction in the death of a son of
great promise and hope. In this recent be-
reavement their Christian faith has been put to a
severe test, for the fond expectations which this
son had raised in their hearts have been doomed
to disappointment. Nor do they alone feel his
loss, for a large circle of relatives and friends
sympathize most deeply with them, and his
death will be mourned by many who "knew him
but to love him." Surely not without reason
has he gone down to the grave "honored and
wept," for he had many qualities, which deserv-
edly endeared him to his friends. His intellect-
ual gifts were fair, and he made the most of the
advantages he did enjoy, whereby he had fitted
himself for a successful teacher in the District
Schools, which every year was becoming to him
a more favorite employment. He was away
from home, making more preparation for what
was to be his winter occupation, when sickness
arrested him and called him back to his father's
house to die. He had been anxious to obtain a
liberal education and had his mind longingly
fixed upon the christian ministry, frequently
expressing the hope that he might live and labor
to do good in the world. But while circumstan-
ces hitherto had not favored the pursuit of his
studies with a view to the attainment of his wish-
es, "He who seeth not as man seeth," hath dis-
appointed his fond plans and hopes in their in-
fancy and removed him when every hour of life
was becoming of greater worth. Yet his be-
reaved friends may find consolation in the belief
that those intellectual gifts will never die, and
that the attainments which he had made here
will fit him for still higher advancement and for a
wider, more lasting sphere of usefulness in that
world which he hath already entered.

But besides the qualities of mind which we
have said belonged to our young friend, he pos-
sessed qualities of heart and traits of character,
which, had he lived, would have made him more
esteemed, acquired for him greater influence and
which now afford richer consolation to his friends
in his death. From a child he had sustained an
unblemished character; a remark which the
writer of this notice has often heard made since
his death by those who had the best opportuni-
ties of knowing him, reveals a trait which shows
in what the beauty of his life had consisted:
"he was a pure minded young man." Within
two or three years he has made a public profes-
sion of religion and united with the Church of
Christ, and from that time has not ceased to
honor the name he bore; he has been faithful to
the master whom he acknowledged and has set
an example well worthy the imitation of the
young friends who now mourn his death.

In the commencement of his sickness he ex-
pressed an ardent hope that he might live a few
years longer to be useful in the world, but at the
same time a cheerful and filial acquiescence to
the divine will. When this hope failed, he was
not left in despair and doubt, for he had a hope
carefully treasured up in heaven. He was pa-
tient through a long and distressing sickness, and
during short intervals of rest from pain he ex-
pressed a calm and trusting faith in the Lord
Jesus Christ. He gave up all on earth for
heaven; having lived and died a Christian, he
has gone to his reward. "Blessed are they who
died in the Lord—for they rest from their labors
and their works do follow them." The funer-
al services were attended at the house of his
father when a sermon was preached from Philip-
pians i. 21. "For to me to live is Christ and to
die is gain."

R.

MRS. EUNICE AND MR. JAMES HAYWARD.

In Boxborough, Oct. 30th, Mrs. Eunice, wife
of Mr. James Hayward, 65. Nov. 11th, Mr.
James Hayward, 68.

Seldom are we called upon to record the no-
tice of so many deaths in the same family within
so short a time. One after another has been re-
moved in rapid succession, until not one mem-
ber of the household is left. We would sympa-
thize with the afflicted relatives and friends, of
which there is a very numerous circle, and trust
that they will bow to the will of Him "who has
taken but what he gave."

In the death of Mr. Hayward, the community
in which he lived as well as his own connexions,
have sustained a great bereavement. We can
truly say, that he was universally esteemed by
those who knew him and deservedly so; for
rarely do we find more excellent traits combined
in one character.

[We were obliged to omit the rest for want of
room.]

DEA. MANASSAH FAY.

In Southborough, Nov. 14th, Dea. Manassah
Fay, aged 69.

Seldom are we called to notice the departure
of one whose loss is so deeply felt, by a large
circle of relatives and friends.

There are many who mourn his death, who
have been his acquintances through a long series
of years, and observed his goodness and virtues;
who have been endeared to him, by his fine gen-
erosity of feeling, and love of truth.

As a citizen his unerring judgment, and sound
sagacity, united with an unusual manliness ren-
dered him fully capable to discharge his duties in
public life.

As a christian and philanthropist, we cannot
speak in terms of too high commendation. The
interest and forwardness, which he manifested
in all measures for Moral Reform, were conspic-
uous to all who knew him. An Unitarian in
faith, he manifested a like spirit in all his actions
and proved himself a true disciple of Christ by
the zeal with which he supported those doctrines
which our Savior so beautifully taught by pre-
cept and example.

But the relations between man and man; are
not broken by the grave; our affections are not
buried with the cold remains of mortality.

When a *good* man dies, his virtues and exam-
ple still live in our memories: his influence over
us remains. His voice speaks to our hearts in
the ways of life, and the silence of night.

Those who mourn his loss as father and com-
panion, can have no sweeter reflection than a
consideration of the rectitude of his life, and that
death found him *prepared*.

W. J. B.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

At the annual meeting of the Boston Children's
Friend Society, the collection taken amounted to
two hundred and thirty-two dollars. Some whole-
souled individual had the kindness to put a *one hun-
dred dollar bill* into the box.

THE NEW CHURCH AT MERRIMACK. We
have been informed that the new church which was
consecrated at the "new city," on Thursday last, is
a very neat structure, from a design by Mr. Billings,
who is also the architect of the new church now
building in Boston for Rev. Mr. Waterston. The
land on which the church is built was given by the
Essex Company; the site is very beautiful and is
near the Bay State Mills; the conditions of the grant
are, that a new church edifice, either of brick or
stone, is to take the place of the present structure
within five years. The church now erected will
seat about three hundred persons; the whole cost has
been thirteen hundred dollars, one thousand of which
was given by our liberal-hearted and esteemed fel-
low-citizen, Samuel Lawrence, Esq. [Lowell
Courier.

THE UNION OF THE CANADAS. The opinion
is rapidly gaining ground in Canada (as we learn by
the Kingston British Whig) that the Home Govern-
ment have it in serious contemplation to unite the
whole of the North American British Provinces un-
der one Government, having at its head a Viceroy,
instead of a Governor General. Quebec is said to
be the seat of Government, and Governors are to be
appointed at Toronto, Fredericktown, Halifax, St.
John's, (N. F.) and Charlottestown, (P. E.) to ad-
minister the laws of each province separately, until
the whole is consolidated into one statute-book, when
other arrangements will be made. It is also said
that the detention of Lord Elgin in England is occa-
sioned by the necessity of his continual presence at
the Colonial Office, where Mr. Buller has charged
himself with the details and working plans of this
very comprehensive scheme.

It is further said that the Ministry have it in con-
templation to consolidate the whole of the remaining
British possessions in America under another Vice-
roy, the seat of whose government is to be at Ja-
maica, with local administrators at all the other
West India Islands, including the Bermudas; and
some say, also, the territory on the *main* land, De-
merara and Berbice. [Nat. Int.

☞ Some people take pleasure in reading of
battles and glorious victory. Those whose profes-
sion is arms are often more Christian in their feelings
than the cowardly advocates of war—who stay at
home. It is not the smallest evil of war that brave
and good men are found acting against their better
natures, the part of professional butchers. Many
of the officers now in Mexico suffer, we believe, from
the bitter feeling that they are engaged in a horrid
work, from which a sense of honor will not allow
them to desert. Such an one we suppose, is the
writer of these extracts.

THE HORRORS OF MONTEREY. Extract of a
private letter from an officer of Artillery in our army,
dated

MONTEREY, Mexico, Oct. 5, 1846.

My Dear Sir:—While every body appears to be
looking for peace in the United States, we are here
obliged to fight battles, and bloody ones too; and
after all the prospect of finishing the business and
our getting out of the country looks any thing but
cheering. The feeling of hostility against us is very
strong, and it is doubtful if any Administration can
sustain itself in any arrangements for a general peace
with us. Their national vanity is so great that they
will never believe themselves flogged till their capi-
tal is taken; though one would think they had had
enough of it already, for we have given it to them
most severely. Just think that a *very* strong city,
well fortified and defended by ten thousand men and
forty pieces of artillery, capitulated within five days,
to six thousand men, with only nineteen pieces of
artillery; and what is more they fought well too, and
served their guns admirably, as our list of killed and
wounded will show, which cannot fall much short of
five hundred. It is wonderful, in fact, how so many
escaped; and I cannot feel sufficiently grateful to our
Heavenly Father for having preserved me through
so much danger. I was exposed to a most severe
fire the whole of the 21st and for two or three hours
on the 23d, and only had one man killed at my guns,
during which time I fired over fifty rounds from
each.

I am satisfied with glory, if it is only to be obtain-
ed by butchering my fellow men; and I wish some
of our valorous friends at the North could see a little
more of the realities of War, and they would not be
so anxious to rush into one on every trivial occasion.
It makes me sick now when I think of the scenes I
witnessed. They were perfectly horrid. On the
night of the 23d, as our shells exploded in the city,
they were followed by the most terrific cries, per-
haps from women and children, which did not cease
till morning. Thank God! I only threw two shells
that night, on account of being told the Texans were
on the roofs of the houses immediately in my line of
fire, and as I was about to open in the morning upon
the principal *plaza*, which was filled with four thou-
sand troops, I was stopped by the appearance of a
flag of truce; and the result was the capitulation of
the city, and a suspension of arms for two months;
which I hope may terminate in a general peace, and
that we may be permitted again to see our families.

Monterey is certainly a very beautiful place, si-
tuated at the foot of the most magnificent mountains
I ever saw, with a stream of clear water running
through it, and filled with fountains, orange groves,
and a great variety of fruit and flowers indigenous to
this luxuriant climate. It usually has a population
of about sixteen thousand inhabitants, but it looks in
a dilapidated condition. [N. Y. Tribune.

A letter from Warsaw, in Poland, dated Oct. 5th,
says:—"The Israelites of Warsaw, for several
days, have been in the greatest consternation. The
first of this month was a day of trial, when, accord-
ing to the ukase of September of the last year, they
were required to change their Jewish costumes for
those of Poland—or else for those of Russia or
France—a measure to which they have the greatest
repugnance. Day before yesterday, (adds the let-
ter) which was Saturday, the synagogues of War-
saw presented a singular spectacle. The Jews who
had gathered there rolled about upon the ground,
with great contortions of their bodies, accompanied
by sighs, groans and lamentations; many of them
had even rent their clothes, in sign of mourning.
Yesterday morning, the police began to compel the
Israelites to conform with the ukase. The agents
of Government seized upon, at the houses of the
Jews, their garments, made in Jewish styles—others
went through the public streets, with large shears,
and, whenever they met, on the highway, any Jew
in a dress that indicated his faith, they stopped him
and cut off his long beard and hair, which are also
forbidden by the ukase. It is true that this ukase
permits the Israelites to preserve their costume until
Jan. 1st, 1850, on the condition of their paying an
annual impost, called the impost of dress, but the
amount of this tax is so great, that only the very
wealthy Jews are able to pay it—while, on the other
hand, the Jews, who are still very tenacious of their
faith and very superstitious, believe that they offend
God by dressing as the Christians do.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. In the
last acknowledgement of receipts of the A. U.
A., the sum against the Auxiliary Association
in Petersham should have been 27 dollars.

NOTICE.

Subscribers for the Christian Register, to whom bills
have been sent will confer a particular favor on the Pro-
prietor, by paying the amount to their respective Post
Masters, and taking a receipt and forwarding it to him
by mail. A proper form of Receipt is given below.

POST OFFICE, (Town,) (State,)
(Month,) (Date,) 184 .

Received of (A. B.) —— dollars —— cents for his
subscription to the Christian Register, payable to the
Publisher by the Post Master of Boston, Mass., on pre-
sentation of this Receipt, duly endorsed.

C. D.,
n14 tf Post Master.

MARRIAGES.

In Roxbury, 12th inst, by Rev Mr Putnam, Amos
Cottiag, Esq. of Brookline, to Miss Helen Augusta
Dorr of R.

In Beverly, by Rev Mr Thayer, Isaac Story, Jr. Esq.
of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth B. Woodbury of B.

In East Abington, 15th inst, Mr Andrew Thompson
to Miss Charissa Lane.

In Chelsea, Nov. 22d, by Rev. Eben Francis, Mr
Zebediah Perkins to Miss Mary A. Vannevar.

In North Chelsea, 22d inst, by Rev Mr Damon, Mr
Alvan B. Lane of Waterborough, Me., to Miss Cathe-
rine Atwood, of N. C.

In St Louis, Mo., 11th inst., by Rev Mr White, Mr
F. Ringeling to Miss E., daughter of N. Berthoud, Esq.
12th inst, by the same, Mr Rufus M. Bremington to
Miss Mary Cleaveland, all of St. Louis.

DEATHS.

In this city, 18th inst, Mr Lebaron Bradford, former-
of Plymouth, 66.

In Roxbury, of typhus fever, Richard LeFavor, Esq.
of the firm of LeFavor & Fish, proprietors of the Nor-
folk House.

In Saxonville, (Framingham,) Mr Dexter Stone, of
the firm of Grant & Stone, of Philadelphia, 55.

In Weymouth, 15th inst, George Fordyce Fifield, M.
D., eldest son of Dr N. Fifield, 24, a graduate of Har-
vard University in the class of 1841.

In South Abington, Mehitable, wife of Mr Samuel
Porter, 65; of dysentery, Nathaniel H. and Aaron
Champney, aged 16 and 14 years, only sons of Dr John
S. Champney.

In Harrisburg, Pa. Hon Wm Findlay, formerly Gov-
ernor of Pennsylvania.

In Baltimore, Mrs Caton, daughter of Charles Car-
roll, one of the Signers of Independence. Among her
children is the Marchioness of Wellesley.

In San Augustine City, Texas, Sept 29, Mr Samuel
Benton, brother of Hon Thomas H. Benton, about 63.

LARGE HOUSEKEEPING
—AND—
Domestic Goods Establishment,
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INFORM their friends and the public that they have appropriated their
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Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged.

G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass., have in progress, a new stereotype edition of "Webster's American Dictionary," to appear as early as practicable the coming season.

[From Barritt's Christian Citizen.]

"We would advise all who are about to purchase a complete vocabulary of our 'mother-tongue,' to wait and examine, before they purchase, this cheap, and beautiful and convenient edition of Dr Webster, the merit and superiority of which, over all others, they will perceive at the first glance."

[From the Concord (N. H.) Statesman.]

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Merriam of Springfield, Mass., a Specimen of a new stereotype edition now in progress, of Dr Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language." It is elegantly executed, and the whole work, which is to be like it, will, when finished, be one of the most beautiful books ever issued from the American press. The paper is fine, white and firm, and the type new. There are three columns on a page, surrounded by a double marginal line, which gives the page a particularly neat and finished appearance. The whole is to be comprised in one volume, crown quarto. Among the advantages of this over former editions, are the addition of several thousand words,—a thorough revision of the whole work by Prof. Goodrich of Yale College,—the insertion of the key to the pronunciation at the bottom of every page, (very convenient,)—tables of Greek and Latin proper names, Scripture do, and Geographical do, (the last is a great desideratum,) and a Memoir of Dr Webster.—The first edition of the Dictionary, in 2 vols. quarto, cost $20; the second, in 2 vols 8vo, cost $13,50. This, which is the original work *unabridged*, with the above named improvements, is to cost only $6. Undoubtedly it will be by far the cheapest Dictionary of the English language ever published. Of its merits we need, of course, say nothing. It is now very generally received as the standard of our mother tongue. The publishers state it is now in progress, and will be published during the coming season. n28

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER. Embellishments—Portrait of Elihu Burritt; Flowers and Life; the Murder Disowned; The Barber; Execution of Stafford; Clarkson's Grave

Contents—Memoir of Elihu Burritt, by Mary Howitt, with other articles by William and Mary Howitt; Eben Elliott; R. H. Howe; Harriet Martineau; Charley; Linton; Gillies, &c. &c.

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n14 3t

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THERE is no practitioner in this country, who has had as great an amount of experience in this peculiar branch of the healing art as DR. HEWETT;—or whose efforts have been crowned with such universal success. The reason of this, may in a great measure, be attributed to his having confined his practice to this one class of diseases exclusively, and the results of 22 years experience warrants this assertion. He has published a Pamphlet and circulars (which he will send to any one requesting the same, by letter postage paid) containing 1000 certificates from the most respectable individuals, of remarkable cures of diseased and deformed spines, hip diseases, sciatic affections, diseased knees, scrofulous affection of the joints, or white swellings, paralytic complaints, neuralgia or tic-doloreux, dropsy in the knees, and all diseases peculiar to the joints, muscles and bones, and of the success in reducing dislocations, and simple or compound fractures.

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He has, in spite of all the efforts made to calumniate him, some of his numerous patients brought to him, from a distance over 400 miles, on beds, who have not for months moved without assistance, and whose testimony after recovery, must be received as more than sufficient to outweigh the insendoes and sarcasm of those who have long looked upon his advancement with a jealous hatred.

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P. S. Any person doubting the authenticity of the Certificates, can satisfy themselves by addressing the signers of them—and any one wishing the certificates can procure them by addressing Dr. H., post paid, or sending to his rooms. Persons wishing to consult Dr. H., will please call between the hours of 8 A. M. and 3 P. M.

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n14 1y

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

NOW.

FROM RUCKERT.

There are three halls within the temple of old Time,—
One for the future, for the present, one, and past.
The future tapestried with many colored forms—
That on the stage of being yet shall have their day.
Within the present, living forms do congregate,
But in the consecrated mansion of *the past*—
Benumbed to stone, the pulseless life-form rests.
Hope lights the painter's skill—the sculptor gives the past.
But poetry alone can hover in each sphere,
And, with her presence, wake the smile or tear.
The everlasting *now* is what? To nature true,
A semblance of the past, a semblance of the future, too—
A semblance touching ever on reality,
Then seize the moment, that alone exists for thee!
That lengthening past—a future once hath been,
This living *now* shall as a lifeless form be seen. —h.

[For the Register.]

KIND WORDS.

An answer soft, a word that's kind,
Will heal the broken heart;
And cause the erring one to find,
What goodness can impart.

How many, many have they turned
From error's darksome way;
In whom the fire of anger burned,
Like an unceasing ray.

Their influence on the little child,
No language can portray;
They teach it to be always mild,
Through life's eventful day.

In youth, the seed time of our life,
How heavenly is their use;
They teach to conquer without strife,
And never give abuse.

Their power is felt in manhood's pride,
When passions are unstrung;
How glorious then the gentle chide,
That calms the angry one.

In age when man must surely die,
To use those gentle words of truth;
Will bring the fire to his fading dye,
And the sweet remembrance of his youth.

Like strains of music soft and sweet,
They soothe the weary troubled breast;
And lead us to the Saviour's feet,
That fount of inward peace and rest.

And as our Master ever used,
Those words of gentleness and love;
May never we that trust abuse,
But like him speak in tones of love.

Milton, Mass. D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD'S CAP AND EDWARD'S GRANDFATHER:

OR,

PLAY-GROUND PEACE AND PEACE OF NATIONS.

"Grandfather, I hate Bill Edson!"

"Tut, tut, boy; must not say *hate*."

"Yes I *do*, and I *will* hate him," cried Edward, passionately. "See my cap! covered with dust, and not fit to be put on my head!—Bill struck it off, and when he saw I did not like such fun, he laughed and gave it a kick which sent it into the middle of the street.—Teen, just as I was going to pick it up, he gave it another kick, and away it flew into the gutter. One of the boys got it, and held it out to me.—But before I could put my hand on it, Bill, caught it away, and threw it as far as he could send it. A cole-man, who was down there, tossed it up into a tree. I climbed up to get it, and just as I could reach it, Bill stoned it down, and then kicked it like a foot ball all the way to our door. I found it hanging on the scraper."

"Ah, poor child," said the grandfather, without looking at the cap; "what a storm there is in your little bosom!"

"He'll have to stop growing when he's a man, and I shall be as big as he is, some day, and, may be, bigger, and then I'll give it to him!—See if I don't!"

"Oh, no, you will not bear a grudge so long on account of a joke, which he only kept up for the fun of seeing you so mighty vexed. Never bear malice; that is not christian."

"A joke, indeed! Why, grandfather, he is a *real enemy* to me. He not only insults me, he *hurts* me, very often. Sometimes he gives my ear or nose a tweak, and sometimes he pulls my hair, because he loves to see me snap and snarl, as he says; then if I do any thing to him, I get a good hard thump, I can tell you, or I am sprawling on my back, about the quickest."

"O, never mind trifles. Be a brave boy," said grandpapa, clapping him kindly on the shoulder.

"I say, grandfather they are not trifles."

"Little things are great to little folks. You certainly have not been seriously injured by him. I have seen no broken limbs, nor even a bruise. And as for insults, your pride need not be aggrieved, since you are not equals, and every body knows it. Who thinks the less of you for it?"

"All the boys. They call me nothing but little spitfire, because I show spirit when I am imposed upon."

"What do the other little boys do?"

"Oh ho, he never plagues them long. All the boys would take their part, and say it was not fair. And when he does hector one of them a little, he sings out so—'O, don't ye, Bill; please don't now! You would not like it yourself,' and sometimes makes believe he is going to cry."

"Very wise urchins; they make an appeal to his sense of justice, and his kind feelings. So might you, strong in your right; only you persist to return violence for violence, and make yourself ridiculous in your weakness. But what can possibly be the reason the other boys do not take *your* part, too?"

"O, I don't know," said Eddy, a little sheepishly. "They think it is none of their business."

"But why so? Is not one little boy to be protected from oppression as well as another?—Bill is not allowed to be a tyrant, and to take a mean advantage of his strength except when you are the sufferer. Is the public feeling in the school against you, Eddy? That is a bad sign. You must explain that."

"Where's mother?" said Eddy, changing the subject.

"Answer my question, and then I will answer yours."

"But I want to show her my cap. I know that she will be *indignant*; I must not say *mad*, I suppose. I doubt if she can make it look decent any longer. But then it is of no use to have a better one, to be kicked about; nor a nice jacket either, to be thrown down into the dirt. I must go to school looking shabby, that is all. If I am not neat and clean, let people blame Bill Edson, not me. It is all his doing.—I will be even with him if I live long enough. I will. I'll consider him my enemy, as long as I have breath in my body."

"'Love your enemies,'" said a soft kind voice behind him.

"I can't! 'Tis impossible!" said Edward, pouting.

"Remember who said these word, my child," said his mother, "and learn to obey him, for by his words we are judged."

"Well, but my Sabbath school teacher says some verses are not to be taken so very, very literally, mother." And this is one of them, I think. Let me see any body doing it. I say it is not natural, and nobody can love because they are told to. I can't love Bill Edson."

"O, not as well as you love me, of course.—But you can school yourself to do him good, instead of evil, and even to wish him well, instead of ill."

"I can't, I say. I don't wish him well.—I wish—I wish I were as strong as Sampson, and then—let me see—what would I do to Bill? O rather, what wouldn't I do!"

"But instead, if you were to love him a little, ever so little, and he knew it, by your doing him some kind action, or even giving him a good humored smile, instead of looking, as you do at this moment, like a thunder cloud——"

Eddy laughed a little, but knitted his brows as much as he could, at the same time, and hunched his shoulders.

"Would he then take as much delight in vexing you? I think not. But even if he should half his power of doing it would be taken away. It is anger and vain spite that is your chief torment."

Edward's brow grew black as night again.—He clenched his hand, and stamped with his feet, screaming, "I wish I could flog him! I only wish I could flog him! If I could but grow a half a head taller in the night! How I would pitch into him in the morning!"

"My boy, you grieve me very much," said his mother.

His grandfather came and laid his hand on his shoulder. The touched calmed Edward in a moment, and he stood still, only his features quivered and twitched, and tears burst from his eyes.

"You need not complain of Bill; you are no better than he. Lucky you have not the strength he has. You surely cannot expect a better spirit to be shown towards you, than you feel towards him. All the difference is in his favor; there is more fun in his disposition, and more malice in yours."

Edward was confounded at his grandfather's rebuke, which was spoken rather sharply. But he was more deeply affected by his mother's silent sadness. He thought she was discouraged and disheartened about him.

"I am only a little boy, any how," he said, in a tone of apology. "If I were a greater fellow, I should be too generous to trouble little boys who cannot stand up for themselves."

"Perhaps you would. Yes, I think you would, Eddy."

"I hope so," said his mother.

"But where is the use of saying what you would do if you were a great boy? If you were a great boy, you would do so, and so, all so perfectly right! We always think other people's duty a vast deal easier than our own."

"Did you always keep from being angry, when you were a little boy like me?" said Eddy.

"No, I do not know that I did, by any means. But as I have been a little boy, as well as an old man, shall I now tell you what a little boy's duty is? And an old man's too? Will you listen? Eh?"

"Yes, grandfather; only I do wonder what is in that covered dish mother is sitting on the table. Are we to have dipped toast for supper? For I am as hungry as ——"

"Here, put your hand into mine, and look me in the eyes. A little good advice will not spoil your appetite, and your supper is not quite ready. Rule 1st. *Always keep your temper.*—Rule 2d. *Never lay up a grudge.* Rule 3d.—*Do to others not as they have done to you, but as they should have done.* Rule 4th, —— but never mind, three will do. Now repeat them after me."

Edward complied, looked over his shoulder at the table. Then his grandfather released him, and he bounded to his seat by the side of his smiling mother. As his hunger abated with the rapid clearing of successive platefuls, his good humor returned, and he was able to laugh with the rest, at the prankful humor of Bill Edson. Bill had really had no malice in his mischief. It was thoughtfulness which made it fun for him to see a child in a passion; and he amused himself and the other boys very often by making Edward run after him, screaming, brandishing his tiny fists, and stamping with important rage. That he might be doing the boy a lasting injury, by thus exasperating his temper, did not once occur to him. At least Eddy's mother supposed so, and was revolving in her mind some plan of giving a private hint to Bill to help his little playmate to curb his naturally impetuous spirit, when a word or two which showed what was passing in the child's mind made her resolve to let things take their course, and not to take any measures to obtain for him an exception from the ordinary trials of a schoolboy life.

"Next time Bill knocks my cap off, I'll balk him by keeping still. If I can, I'll laugh. But I don't think I can. It comes upon me so sudden, you know, before I can have time to think. You never had *your* cap knocked off, did you, mother!"

There was a general laugh at the table.

"I remember that a clumsy little boy once knocked my bonnet off," said she, laughing.—"Was I in a fury about it."

"No, though it fell out of the chaise, and the wheel came near going over it. You did not scold me at all."

"I hope I never scold."

"Some little boys' mothers do," said grandfather.

"There is no boy in the world that has a better mother than mine," said Eddy triumphantly.

"See that she does not change you for some better boy, then," said grandfather, winking drolly.

"O, I am not afraid of that," cried Eddy, "no danger of it, I think. And besides, I am going to be the best boy in the world, too, so that she will not know where to look for a better one."

"Good news."

"The first thing—If Bill Edson carries his little sister to ride tomorrow, in her little basket wagon, and tackles in the little boys for a team, I will be one of them. And if he won't have me, I'll push behind."

"Right. Cultivate friendly relations with all your schoolfellows and playmates," said the grandfather. "Then you will be beloved, and any attempt to oppress you frowned upon. Do you understand me?"

"*Friendly* what?"

"*Relations.*"

"Cousin Fred, do you mean?"

"The boy's a fool," murmured grandfather, almost aloud. But Eddy understood his mother, who repeated the grandfather's advice in plainer terms.

After tea, Eddy felt very sleepy, and languid, the natural consequence of the exhaustion produced by violent excitement. But as he was very tenacious of a recently acquired privilege of sitting up an hour or two, he could not be persuaded to anticipate his appointed bed-time.—He struggled with drowsiness, and did his best to fix his attention upon a story of war time, told with great animation by his grandfather to a neighbor who had come in. But his eyes, notwithstanding the diligent rubbing he gave them, grew narrower and narrower, and at last he sank down in a corner, fast asleep.

He was dreaming of holding baskets for Bill Edson to fill with rare red cheeked apples, and golden pears, when his agreeable visions were dispersed by his grandfather's voice in a loud and excited tone, and a heavy thump of his cane upon the floor. He sat up, and stared at the old gentleman in great surprise, for he was evidently very much out of temper. He looked like some inspired bard in a fit of frenzy his eyes gleamed so brightly, and his long white hair streamed so wildly over his flushed cheeks, as he strode about the room. Edward silently wondered what manner of provocation the quiet looking visitor could have given, to make his his grandfather forget so soon, *Rule 1st.* So he listened attentively to what he was saying.

"The Peace Society is a fool! Not that each member is an ass; but people give up their common sense when they put on the badge of a society. They adopt one idea to the exclusion of every other, and straightway, we find them riding their hobby full tilt against the experience and common sense of the public."

"We *appeal* to common sense, and to humanity."

"Yes, yes—A flock of sheep, arguing against the wolves, and quite resolute upon non-resistance, come what may. The wolves are to be bound over to keep the peace, and then the sheep will draw their teeth, and they will all graze together like brothers. A blessed day —— when we see it."

"I suppose you know, my dear sir, that an illustration is not an argument. But I have no wish to argue with an old soldier, who cannot be expected to reason against a cause in which he has risked his life, and shed his blood; and, I trust *conscientiously*, though the chief principle of the Christian religion."

"Ah, there you have it. If war should be put down and done away with, Christianity would have done it before now. But I never can be put down. Ah, never shake your head, man; you will never see the day, though you may be as visionary and hopeful as you please, for aught I care about it. I tell you, strife is an element of man's nature; as you see, it is natural to all courageous animals. The world, with its warring interests and passions, cannot go on without it. We must be ready for what is inevitable. So don't talk to me of peace principles. It makes me mad to think what you would do with the army and navy, if your will and power were better matched."

"It is true that I wish there were no armies and navies in the world," said the visitor.—"You and I and all our neighbors go unarmed, yet our interest and rights are quite as safe and as much respected as if we wore pistols and bowie knives, and more so, since the bold cannot oppress the timid, nor the strong the weak. Right makes might."

"But nations, foolish men, have no other modes of redressing their greivances than by the sword. There is no high court of justice——"

"No congress of nations——"

"And were it not for the appeal to arms as a last resource, the strong would oppress the weak."

"Pray what sort of resource for the weak is an appeal to arms? See Ireland, lying under the foot of tyrant England, with the bayonet at her bosom. The tyrant waits the appeal to arms as the signal, the pretext of throwing aside all restraint; let the struggle begin; crushed and bleeding, but unpitied, and more heavily oppressed than ever, Ireland will groan another century, before the world learns that brute force and justice are not essentially the same.—Look in India, China, even Canada, and also at home. See our army I do not say our *nation* bullying a weak neighbor; in my eyes, their laurels are badges of infamy, and I blush at their boasting."

"So do I, especially when I think of the English reading our newspapers. I despise a great lubber of a schoolboy, boasting of his prowess in whipping a little one, and wresting his apple or his toy away from him. In fighting with England, we should be at least respectable, were we even beaten at last."

"It seems, then, it is an absurdity to consider war as a remedy for oppression, when it is in fact the very cause and means of oppression."

"Too fast, too fast! Our own revolutionary war——"

"Our success in that contest does not prove that we took the least expensive method of asserting our rights. The struggle lasted eight years, and might have lasted longer, but that the better part of the English nation were opposed to the war, on the ground that justice was on our side. The English are a noble nation, were it not for their war spirit. Let Ireland appeal to their sense of justice, and not drown in the din of discord the still, small voice which is pleading for them, more powerfully than the storm and the lightning. I trust in God, they will, in due time, be relieved."

"You are a determined hoper; and you think better of the English than I do, I can assure you."

"I love the English, and am thankful that the principles of peace and justice prevailed over their roused military pride in our late dispute with them. It is one of the most encourging signs of the times."

"Yes; nations do not go to war now for such trifles as they used to do. Such a growling and displaying of teeth over that poor bone Oregon! It might have been settled, or would have settled itself just as well without and spared my daughter and the Peace Society such a fright."

"You are glad we escaped a war!"

"War is a great calamity, I agree. I am for none but just and necessary wars; no wars upon punctilios, better settled by lawyers and statesmen. Glad? Why, yes, of course, I am glad for the sake of the women and children; for the sake of the poor, and for the sake of the rich too; for the sake of Christianity and civilization. But for my own part, though I am no longer young and active, I should have liked a brush with the British. We have gained strength, and they have not since our last contest with her——"

Eddy's mother winked at Eddy, who suddenly sat up straight, and looked intelligent and attentive.

"We've borne enough from her," continued the old man, "more than ever has been paid back, or ever will be. Oh, if you had seen what I have, you would hate the very name of Englishmen."

"You must not say *hate*, grandfather; you told me it was wrong," said Eddy, timidly.—But his grandfather did not hear him, and went on.

"You have not been as I was, in a town sacked by those bull-dogs, and seen a house made desolate where you had been sheltered like a son. You have not been cut down and trampled under foot while aiding a brother in the vain attempt to defend his beautiful and accomplished sisters, and shared his thirst for vengeance for the wretchedness and dishonor of a once happy family, a thirst which the too speedy return of peace left ungratified. The feelings with which I remember that and many other scenes of the wars with the British, will ever make my blood boil, as long as a drop runs in my veins!"

"No. 2. *Never lay up a grudge,*" whispered Eddy to his mother.

"But for war, they never would have happened," said the visitor, sighing. "In the long peace we have enjoyed, these feelings of personal animosity have nearly died out, and if war can be prevented, at any sacrifice, for a few years, the *friendly relations* which subsist between our own country and England will be strongly knit, that all disputes can be settled as happily as the Maine and Oregon boundaries."

"You understand what is meant by *friendly relations*," whispered Eddy's mother, as he squeezed her hand and smiled when he heard the phrase.

"I'll be friends with Bill, if I can, and tell grandfather I am *friendly* related to him; not an own cousin, but like one. When I am related to him, he will not trouble me, any more than cousin Fred, will he?" whispered Eddy. But his mother did not reply. She only nodded, and put her finger on her lips.

"Well, hope so, and welcome, friend," continued the old man, "but I doubt; the English are a grasping nation, and their maxim is, Get all we can, and keep all we get. If our nation have something of the same greedy spirit, where we got it from is very plain. But that I doubt if we should be any the better for it, I should wish we might get Canada away from them some day."

"Rule 3d. Let us not do unto others as they have done to us, but as they *ought* to," said Eddy's mother, as the clock struck the signal for his going to bed. She caught her father's eye, as she spake, and smiled.

The visitor departed, while she was at Eddy's bedside, endeavoring to ascertain how much of the conversation he had been able to understand, and what he thought of it, as a commentary upon the excellent precepts given by his grandfather, to guide his schoolboy life. On her return to the parlor, she playfully and gently rallied her father upon his inconsistency, and the effect it might have in lessening Eddy's respect for him.

The old gentleman smiled and sighed. "How true was my remark that we see other people's duty more plainly than our own! Eddy and I must both learn to forget and forgive. I must become a little child, and learn at the feet of Jesus to love my enemies." C. W. L.

[Monthly Religious Magazine.

☞ The Merrimack Humane Society has presented an elegant silver pitcher to Miss Garafelia Oaks, daughter of James Oaks, Esq., of this city, for the promptness, courage, and great presence of mind she evinced on the 1st of September, 1845, in rescuing her mother and aunt from drowning, at Newburyport.

THE GREAT CHINESE PHILOSOPHER.

Confucius, a teacher of religion and morals, who like Moses and Zoroaster, exercised an extensive influence on his own and succeeding times, and now, after thousands of years, is still venerated by his countrymen, and respected by all other nations, lived almost 550 years before Christ.

He was of a royal descent, and a native of the kingdom of Lu, a province of the Chinese empire. He led a quiet, temperate life, was distinguished for his wisdom. He neither attempted to overthrow the existing establishment, nor to gain dominion, by deceit, over the minds of men; but only to disseminate the precepts of virtue and wisdom. He taught in cities and royal courts. In the most impressive manner he enjoyed universal benevolence, justice, virtue, honesty. He resembled Socrates, in founding and building up a pure system of moral philosophy.

Selections from the Maxims and Precepts of Confucius.

The sovereign good consists in an entire conformity with correct reason both in our opinions and our propensities.

We should let our reason, and not our passions, be the rule of our conduct; for reason will lead us to think correctly, and to speak sensibly and to act justly.

Strive to be pure in thought; if our mind is free from evil, our actions will be also; let us never intend, much less commit a wrong act.

Does anything improper offer itself to the eyes; see it not; does it strike thee hear it not is it on the tongue? speak it not.

Sincerity of heart is the first of virtues; nothing is so indispensible in the commerce of society, as sincerity.

We should behave at all times towards others the same as we should wish their conduct to be towards ourselves.

He who sincerely and truly measures others by himself obeys that law naturally imprinted in his bosom, which dictates to him, not to do to others what he would not that they should do to him; and whatsoever things he would that men should do to him, to do even the same to them.

Is there no one maxim by which a man may regulate his whole life? It is simply to act towards others as we would desire they should act towards us; we need but this rule alone; it is the foundation and principle of all our duties.

Let us regard our neighbors as ourselves; let us use the same standard, in judging ourselves as that by which we judge others, and estimate their sufferings and enjoyments according to our own; so shall we fulfil the laws of true charity.

Have we in any manner done wrong to another? Let us not be backward in making reparation for it; not hesitate an instant, but nobly break through the restraints of pride and shame that would be our hindrance.

Return a good deed by the like; but never revenge an injury.

To return good for evil, and not to resent injuries can only be the act of a great mind.

We should abhor the crimes of the wicked; but if they are reclaimed to virtue, we should receive them to our bosoms as though they had never erred.

We ought to be so far indulgent and liberal, as to overlook the offences of others when they show signs of repentence; our deportment should then be such as to relieve them from any uneasy sense of their former conduct; but that they can lose sight of the disgrace and degradation, which can only have the effect to discourage them in their adherence to a more virtuous course of life.

If we have fallen into errors, we should recollect that it is possible to retrieve our character; we have but to break asunder the ties which attach us to guilt, and then we may be able to surmount the obstacles, that prevent us from regaining the path of virtue.

We should mildly caution an erring friend and re-conduct him into the right path; but if our remonstrances prove useless, and we find that he is obstinately bent on his own destruction, then it is right to abandon him, and not render ourselves ridiculous by a vain importunity.

The solid upright man, who weighs the expressions of himself and of others; who adheres to his duty, and never swerves from what is just; who watches the countenances and manners of those who address him, and adopts not their opinion without reflection; such is the man I call prudent.

Promises ought not slightly to be retracted; we should see well what promise is just, and that it can be completed.

Perform your promise, if it be not contrary to equity; for justice is before every promise.

We should not affirm what we do not know to be a fact; and never undertake to do a thing of which we have not considered the consequences.

These are but a few of the precepts and maxims of Confucius. But they show sufficiently their purity and excellence. They contain much of the duty of men, and the high, ennobling principles which have justly immortalized the name of their great and illustrious teacher.

THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE.

BY DR. BAIRD.

Eight of the twenty monarchs are Protestants; nine are Roman Catholics; two are of the Greek Church, and one is a Mahomedan. Those belonging to the Greek Church are the Emperor of Russia and the King of Greece. Four of them are men of irreproachable characters.—Many of them are as respectable as our public men whom we delight to honor. The Queens are all of spotless character, which could not have been said of former times.

The King of Prussia is a decidedly pious man. Several of the Queens are true Christians, as I think, and among these is the Queen of France. She reads many religious books. As to talent, Louis Philippe, King of the French, the King of Prussia; and the Emperor of Russia; are admitted to rank first; and Louis Philippe stands pre-eminently above all. He was educated at a French College; spent many years in foreign lands, and then sixteen in quietly pursuing his studies. Talleyrand said he had no idea of his vast acquirements, before he was his minister after he became King. He speaks English with ease and never pronounces but one word wrong, which was ice, which he calls hice. He said, he and his brother hired a boat at Pittsburgh, to go down the river, but was obstructed by the hice.—This he had learned from the English cockneys; when he lived in England. He has no minister who is his equal.

The King of Prussia is nearly the equal of Louis Philippe; he speaks English well, but not so well as the King of the French. He is a self-made man. He was not allowed to get his education at the German Universities as he desired, as it was thought degrading to the King's son to associate with other young men. He regrets to this day, that he was not permitted to go to the University and associate with the students. The King of Sweden graduated at College and is a fine scholar.

The King of Prussia is not popular. He is too good a man for that. He proposes too many reforms, and pushes them forward with too much energy to please the people.

The Emperor of Russia is not inferior in talent; but he came unexpectedly to the throne, at the age of twenty-seven or twenty-eight years—his brother the lawful heir to the throne, having abdicated in his favor. He has had no time to read. Being a resolute monarch, his duties are most arduous. He is most devoted to public affairs. I spoke to him about temperance societies when he began to make the same objections which were once so common here—that brandy was necessary for laborers to give them strength, and protect them in heat and cold. He, however, at once perceived the force of my argument, admitted their correctness and said, "As for the revenue we will let it go, and get a revenue somewhere else." Nicholas is very decided and independent.

A nobleman of great wealth and talent had governed his brother Alexander. When Nicholas came to the throne, in less than three days he came to see him unasked. Nicholas said to him, "Who asked you to appear before me? I know how you governed my brother, and imposed upon his meekness. I give you three days to arrange your affairs in St. Petersburg, after which time you will retire to your country seat," which he did and has remained there ever since.

The King of Sweden is a literary man and is the author of several books. He gave me a copy of his work on Prison Discipline, just published. The King of Holland is not so popular; is an older man, about fifty-four. He was distinguished at the battle of Waterloo, and badly wounded. The King of Denmark is a man of fair talents, but of no decision of character.

The manners of the Princes are polished, easy and simple Such is the character of the nobles of Europe, whom I have seen. It is easy to converse with them. They are however more formal to diplomatists. There is more difficulty to get along with our distinguished men who sometimes assume a tone of haughtiness, which I never saw in a Prince. The Monarchs ordinarily, and their Queens, dress in the same plain way as other well bred people. In public they of course appear in splendor.—The Queens wear, on ordinary occasions, very little jewelry.

In the families of the Emperor of Russia and the King of the French, there is great affection.

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[From Dr John C. Warren, Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University.]

At the request of Mr Bates, I have examined his Chamber Shower Bath. It appears to me to be the most convenient portable shower bath I am acquainted with, for it is light, neat, and worked with very little trouble. This is an improvement which I am very glad to see, because I consider the external application of cold water to be a practice highly useful, and even important to most individuals.

The daily washing of the body serves to remove the cuticle which is constantly forming on the surface of the skin, and thus purifies it, and leaves its pores open for the discharge of those fluids which the preservation of health requires. Another great advantage is, that the sudden application of cold water in this mode to the surface of the body produces a bracing effect on the internal organs, particularly those of digestion.

The introduction of these baths into public hotels would be, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest additions to the comfort of travellers, and their general use in private families would add much to the health of our whole population. JOHN C. WARREN.
Boston, April 2, 1845.

[From Dr. Geo. Hayward, Professor of the principles of Clinical Surgery in Harvard University.

Sir,—Having seen in operation, and examined the Chamber Shower Bath of Mr Bates, I take great pleasure in expressing my approbation of it. Frequent bathing is so necessary to health and comfort, that I am glad an apparatus has been constructed by which a person can take a shower bath in his own chamber with very little inconvenience. The bath of Mr Bates I think well adapted to the end proposed, and hope it will come into extensive use. GEO. HAYWARD.
Boston, April 7, 1845.

[From Dr. J. W. F. Lane.]

Boston, March 1, 1845.

The functions of the digestive apparatus and of the skin are so intimately connected, that the disturbance of the former frequently results solely from impediments to the due discharge of the duties of the latter. From inattention to cleanliness of the whole surface of the body, and from a want of more frequent general ablution, the minute pores of the skin become blocked up, so that the proper evaporation can no longer take place. To obviate these difficulties, and the diseases originating from them, no measure is perhaps so well adapted as the shower bath, properly regulated.

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J. W. F. LANE, M. D.

[From the Hon Harrison Gray Otis, Boston.]

Mr. L. V. Badger: Sir,—In reply to your note, I am quite ready to say, that I have used your Vapor Lamp, in connection with a chair and curtain, which was originally furnished with a spirit-burner, and that I prefer yours altogether, as it may be placed at a distance from the other apparatus with perfect safety.

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H. G. OTIS.

[From H. G. O. Colby, Judge C. C. P., New Bedford.]

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